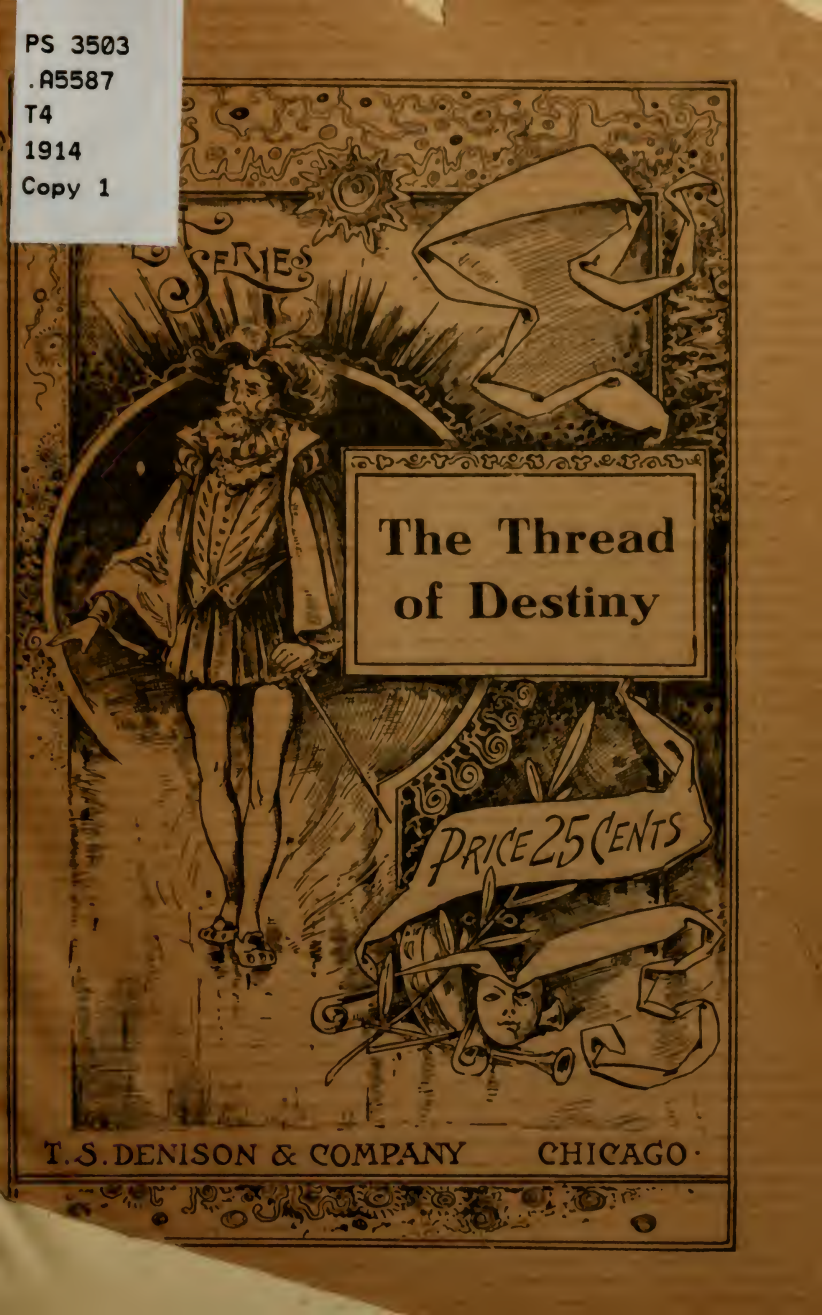
PS 3503
.A5587
T4
1914
Copy 1



DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free. Price 15c each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M.	F.
Aaron Boggs, Freshman, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	8	8
After the Game, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. .....(25c)	1	9
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4	4
American Hustler, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	7	4
Arabian Nights, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	4	5
As a Woman Thinketh, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	9	7
At the End of the Rainbow, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6	14
Bank Cashier, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8	4
Black Heifer, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	9	3
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. .....(25c)	7	3
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7	4
Burns Rebellion, 1 hr....(25c)	8	5
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4
College Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. .....(25c)	9	8
Corner Drug Store, 1 hr. (25c)	17	14
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 2 hrs..	7	4
Daughter of the Desert, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. .....(25c)	6	4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	8	4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6	13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr....(25c)	10	
Enchanted Wood, 1¾ h.(35c).Optnl.		
Everyyouth, 3 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	7	6
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	4	4
Fascinators, 40 min.....(25c)		13
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs. .....(25c)	9	14
Heiress of Hoetown, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	8	4
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	12	
Honor of a Cowboy, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	15	4
Indian Days, 1 hr.....(50c)	5	2
In Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. .....(25c)	6	4
Iron Hand, 4 acts, 2 hrs..(25c)	5	4
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs.(25c)	14	17
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6	12
Lexington, 4 acts, 2¼ h..(25c)	9	4
Light Brigade, 40 min....(25c)		10
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Lodge of Kye Tyes, 1 hr.(25c)	13	
Lonelyville Social Club, 3 acts, 1½ hrs. .....(25c)		10
Man from Borneo, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	5	2
Man from Nevada, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	9	5
Mirandy's Minstrels....(25c) Optnl.		
New Woman, 3 acts, 1 hr....	3	6
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs.(25c)	2	16
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	8	6
Old School at Hick'ry Holler, 1¼ hrs. .....(25c)	12	9
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	10	4
Out in the Streets, 3 acts, 1 hr.	6	4
Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7	4
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2¼ hrs. .....(25c)	10	12
School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1¾ hrs.	6	5
Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs..	6	6
Soldier of Fortune, 5 acts, 2½ h.	8	3
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)		7
Third Degree, 40 min....(25c)		12
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	6	4
Tony, The Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs. .....(25c)	7	4
Topp's Twins, 4 acts, 2 h.(25c)	6	4
Town Marshal, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. .....(25c)	6	3
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs.(25c)	17	23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	8	3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. .....(25c)	7	10
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.	6	4
When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	5	3
Women Who Did, 1 hr...(25c)		17
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8	3

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min.....	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.....	3	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.		19
Bad Job, 30 min.....	3	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.....	2	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min...	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.....	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min..		5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min....	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.....	2	1
Case Against Casey, 40 min...23		
Convention of Papas, 25 min..	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

THE THREAD OF DESTINY

A COMEDY-DRAMA
IN THREE ACTS

BY
LINDSEY BARBEE
AUTHOR OF

"After the Game," "At the End of the Rainbow," "The Dream That Came True," "The Fifteenth of January," "The Kingdom of Heart's Content," "A Trial of Hearts," "In the College Days, a Group of Monologues," Etc.

TO MY KENTUCKY GRANDMOTHER WHO WAS
IN HER YOUTH "THE TOAST OF THE COUNTY."

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

[1917]

PS 3503
A55T7
1914

THE THREAD OF DESTINY

CHARACTERS.

(Named in order of their appearance.)

FANNY.....*A Slave on the Montgomery Plantation*
GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON.....
.....*A Slave on the Montgomery Plantation*
BETTY MONTGOMERY .....*The "Little Colonel"*
EDITH SHERMAN.....*The Northern Cousin*
MRS. MONTGOMERY.....*A True Virginian*
COLONEL MONTGOMERY...*A Gentleman of the Old School*
VIRGINIA MONTGOMERY.....*The Toast of the County*
BEVERLY MONTGOMERY.....*A Confederate Scout*
SALLY ANN, LAURA LEE. .....*The Fairfax Twins*
TOM RANDOLPH.....*A Southern Gallant*
MARTHA, SUSAN.., JANE... .....*Southern Girls*
JOHN MERIVALE MORTON.....*Of the North*
MARCELLA, MARION.. .....*Southern Girls*
MAMMY DINAH.....*A Faithful Servitor*
PEYTON BAILEY.....*Of the United States Army*
UNCLE BILLY.....*The Colonel's Body-servant*
LOUISE LAWTON.....*In Federal Employ*
RALPH FRANCIS.....*Who did not go to War*
MADGE YOUNG .....*A Thoroughbred*
A UNION SCOUT.....*Who is Detained*
MISS MELISSY.....*Of an Inquisitive Nature*

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY EBEN H. NORRIS.

©CLD 36889

SCENE—*Virginia.*

TIME—*The Civil War.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours and Thirty Minutes*

ACT I—Garden of Ashurst, the Montgomery home, near Richmond, April, 1861.

ACT II—Hall at Ashurst, May, 1864.

ACT III—Grounds of Ashurst, six weeks later.

First produced by the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority of Denver University, on April 4, 1913, at the Woman's Club Building.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

Act I—Fanny and George Washington have a preliminary skirmish. Betty breaks a looking glass. Edith calms her fears and tells her "the signs of the times." Mrs. Montgomery weaves together "the threads of happiness and sorrow." Betty longs for a lover. "Virginia has seceded." Beverly enlists. The Fairfax twins bewilder Tom. Tom is presented with useful and appropriate articles. Edith declares her colors. John Merivale Morton finds Sally Ann worthy to wear his frat pin. Mammy Dinah tells Tom's fortune. Peyton breaks the news to Virginia. "A Virginia woman does not even recognize an acquaintance among the enemies of Virginia."

Act II—Uncle Billy voices General Sherman's opinion of war. "My friend, Billy, my friend." Betty receives orders. Louise pays a friendly call and has an eye to details. "I don' wan' no tarnished silber linin' to my cloud." Ralph Francis offers his help—and claims a reward. "To a Virginia woman there are some things more precious than money, than jewels." Madge proves a thoroughbred and incidentally gives Virginia a bit of news. "Does your father know that Grant is marching toward Richmond?" Mrs. Montgomery and the Colonel watch the sunset together. "Death cannot conquer love—nor eternity." Laura Lee wishes for a man—and John Merivale Morton appears. She is mistaken for Sally Ann, and complications arise. Sally Ann proves equal to the emergency and renews acquaintance with John Merivale Morton. "Some day there will be no North, no South, but the Union." Beverly arrives unexpectedly and asks Edith to help him, even at the sacrifice of her own principles. The Union scout falls a prey to her fascinations and her cleverness wins the coveted dispatch. Virginia opens the door—to Peyton. Mrs. Montgomery gives permission to search the house. Beverly is discovered. Friendship proves stronger than duty. Virginia brings Peyton his reward. Ralph Francis proves an unwelcome intruder and holds Virginia in his power. "Marse John, he done got de furlough."

APR 30 1914

Act III—Three years work a great change in Tom. He and Betty drink to "the piping times of peace." Mammy Dinah and Miss Melissy have a lively conversational bout and Miss Melissy fails to extract much information. Louise and Ralph Francis come to an understanding. John Merivale Morton and Sally Ann argue for the last time and Uncle Billy shouts "Hallerluyer!" George Washington contemplates matrimony. Peyton pleads in vain with Virginia for an explanation of Ralph Francis' power over her. Madge promises help. Fanny also contemplates matrimony. "The North gladly and humbly surrenders to the South." George Washington and Fanny "take de road to de lan' o' happiness." Beverly interrupts Ralph Francis' interview with Louise. Madge throws light on certain transactions. "In our little circle the stars and bars are floating high." Virginia gives Peyton another rose and together they trace against the background of blue and gray "the golden thread of destiny."

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Virginia Montgomery, a beautiful southern girl, has announced her engagement to Peyton Bailey, owner of the adjoining plantation and her lifelong friend. To celebrate the event, a merrymaking is in progress at Ashurst, the Montgomery home, and on the same afternoon Colonel Montgomery brings the news of Virginia's secession, while Beverly announces that he has enlisted. Later on, Peyton tells Virginia that he, too, is planning to go to war, but that he will join the ranks of the Union army. Unable to understand his viewpoint, grieved to the heart over the seeming desertion of his own people, loyal in every fiber of her being to her state and to her section of the country, she declares that he must choose between her and his mistaken duty. Equally firm in his conception of right, Peyton declares that he must obey the dictates of his conscience, and so Virginia sends him away.

The war brings many changes into the lives of the Montgomerys. The Colonel is engaged in active service. Beverly

is off on dangerous scout duty, the plantation goes to waste and only a few faithful negroes remain with the women. Ralph Francis, a wealthy resident of the place, who has refused to go to war and who is consequently held in much scorn by the loyal Virginians about him, offers help to the family in their time of need, and upon Virginia's courteous refusal to accept his assistance, he forgets himself and declares his love for her. He is indignantly repulsed and predicts that some day privation and want will drive her to him. Madge, a neighbor, learns of his threat to Virginia and tells of her own grievance, namely, the loss of the family homestead through the trickery of this man. She vows to bring him to justice if it be in her power.

Dark days follow for the Montgomerys. The Colonel, on a brief visit to his family, is called to Richmond and is subsequently killed. Beverly, pursued and watched by the Union men, succeeds in reaching home, in a state of physical collapse. He begs Edith, the northern cousin, who makes her home with the Montgomerys and with whom he is in love, to obtain important dispatches from a Union scout who is on his way to headquarters. Edith promises and obtains the desired papers. Close upon the departure of the scout comes Peyton who, at the head of a detachment, has been ordered to search the house for a Confederate officer, reported to be in hiding there. Beverly is discovered, but Peyton, moved by the ties of friendship, ignores his military duty and allows him to escape. Virginia's pride is gone; she realizes that her love for Peyton is too vital a thing to be overcome,and she forgets the past in the joy of reunion. Ralph Francis overhears their conversation, learns that Peyton has aided Beverly to escape, and when he finds Virginia alone he threatens to reveal the breach of military discipline which would result in Peyton's disgrace and death, unless she promises to marry him. In desperation she consents, and naturally is unable to offer a satisfactory explanation of her conduct to Peyton or to her family. In the meantime Louise Lawton, supposedly a visitor in the neighborhood but in reality a spy in the employ of the Federal government, who has been instru-

mental in shadowing the Montgomery home, approaches Ralph Francis with the proposition that he sell to the government his knowledge of the resources and condition of the Confederate army in Virginia and of the defences of Petersburg. He consents, and Madge, ever on the alert, suspects from the frequent meetings of the two that mischief is afoot. From an examination of Francis' papers she discovers his treachery and, in the presence of Beverly, Virgina and Louise, confronts him with the accusation. Louise and Ralph are forced to withdraw, the difficulties are settled and "the thread of destiny" brings Virginia back to Peyton.

As another struggle of North against South, comes John Merivale Morton's stormy courtship of Sally Ann Fairfax. Meeting her for the first time, when on his way to war—a runaway college lad—he leaves his heart in Dixie; and when fate brings him back to Virginia he captures the heart of the fiery little rebel, after a long and persistent siege. The love affairs of Beverly and Edith, the faithful attentions of George Washington to the ever belligerent Fanny, the flirtations of Tom, and the devotion of Uncle Billy and Aunt Dinah in their service to the Montgomery family, are incidents that lead to a happy ending of the story.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

VIRGINIA—Aristocratic in bearing, charming in manner and personality, strong in her opinions, sincere in her conception of right, proud in her birth and breeding, loyal to those she loves. In the scene with Peyton she is strong in her denouncement. In the second act her pride is at first predominant, but when she realizes Peyton's generosity and her love for him, she yields unhesitatingly. In the first act she wears an elaborate white gown; in the second, a simpler one; in the third, a simple white gown with a black lace fishu.

[All the gowns are made in the style of 1861—full skirts, many ruffles, low-necked, etc. White stockings are worn and

black slippers with ankle straps. The hair is worn in the style of that time—in a single curl over the shoulder or clusters of short curls.]

Mrs. Montgomery—Typically southern in every way; gracious, sweet, simple and tender in her scenes with the Colonel; calm and resigned in misfortune. In the first act she wears a white gown and a black lace scarf; in the second and third acts, her simple gown is black with white fichu, and her hair is touched with gray.

Edith—Reserved, thoughtful and serious throughout, though tender in her scenes with her aunt and uncle; she is firm with Beverly and yet very yielding and gentle at the last. In the second act she changes her character, becomes coquettish with the scout, cleverly wins his interest and then effectively holds him at bay. She wears dainty light gowns throughout the play.

Betty—Placid and childish in first act; afterward serious and oppressed with care and responsibility, though in the third act she comes back to a trace of her former gaiety. In the first act she wears a short girlish gown with ruffles to the waist, white stockings and old-fashioned black slippers, while her hair is arranged in long corkscrew curls. In the other acts she wears simple summer gowns, made longer by several inches, while her hair is worn in a single curl.

Sally Ann and Laura Lee—As similar as possible in appearance, dress, gesture and mannerisms. Independent, coquettish, full of life and fun, very loyal to the southern cause. In the first act they wear dresses of pink, each ruffle edged with black, and big, flower-laden hats. Sally Ann, on her second appearance in this act, does not wear her hat. In the second act they appear in fluffy white gowns with black velvet girdles, and narrow black velvet ribbon tied about their necks and wrists; also large black hats trimmed with roses which they subsequently remove. In the third act Sally Ann wears a simple print gown with white sunbonnet.

Martha, Susan and Jane—Sweet and serious in the

scene with Tom and very earnest in their plans for his comfort.

MARCELLA AND MARION—Gayer and more flirtatious than Martha, Susan and Jane. All five wear pretty fluffy frocks, with or without hats.

LOUISE—Always alert, clever in questionings, gracious in manner yet cool and business-like in her transactions with Ralph Francis. Wears plain summer gown with large hat tied under the chin, in the first act; dark gown and hat in the second.

MADGE—Energetic in her efforts to right wrong, proud in misfortune, far-sighted in her deductions, loyal to her South. She wears a light gown in each act, with hat.

MISS MELISSY—Prim and old maidish, affected, inquisitive, showing a vindictive spirit in her remarks concerning the Montgomery family. Wears a full skirt with hoops, black silk mantle, small hat and carries small parasol.

MAMMY DINAH—Whole-souled, always displaying her loyalty to the family she serves and her devotion to their cause; jolly and a bit bantering in her scenes with Tom and the girls; serious in her conversation with Uncle Billy; always cheerful in the midst of misfortune. In her conversation with Miss Melissy she is at first merely independent, then on the defensive and finally uncontrolled in her wrath. She wears the conventional servant costume—calico dress, white apron and red bandannas around neck and head.

FANNY—Pert, impressed with her own importance, talkative and quarrelsome with George Washington though secretly approving of him. Wears bright-colored calico dress in first act with ribbon for hair; dark dress and apron in second act and same in third until she changes to a much beruffled gown with large, flopping hat.

PEYTON—Unswerving in his loyalty to the cause he has chosen yet true to his own southern people; tender toward Virginia, even when she sends him away; faithful to the ties of friendship; determined and manly in all that he does. In the first act he wears light trousers, dark frock

coat, high stock, with colored vest; in the other acts he appears in United States uniform.

Colonel Montgomery—Typical southern gentleman, loyal to his country, courtly in bearing, deferential to women, tender and loving to his own family. In the first act he wears a black suit, frock coat, stock, broad-brimmed hat; in second act he wears the Confederate uniform, slouch hat, etc.

Beverly—Reckless, impulsive, daring, carried away by enthusiasm in the first act, heedless of the future. Haggard, worn out, much older-grown in second act; quiet and manly, showing deep feeling in his scene with Peyton. In the first act he wears light trousers, frock coat, high stock, colored vest, broad-brimmed hat. In the second act he appears in a shabby Confederate suit, gray shirt open at the neck, slouch hat, worn-out dusty shoes, arm in bloody sling; in the third, a Confederate uniform.

Tom—Absolutely gay, flirtatious and light-hearted in first act; serious and settled in third. Wears dandyish suit of light trousers, frock coat, high stock, bright vest in first act; Confederate uniform in last act.

John Merivale Morton—Enthusiastic college lad in first act—of an argumentative nature. More serious and earnest in the other acts, persistent in his wooing of Sally Ann. Wears dusty civilian suit in first act; Federal uniform in second and third.

Ralph Francis—Cold and calculating in nature, entirely lacking in the chivalry, finer feeling and patriotism which animates the other men. Dogged in the persistency of his suit to Virginia, boastful of his attainments, unscrupulous in all dealings. He wears regular civilian suit with broad-brimmed hat and colored vest.

Scout—Impressed with his own importance, easily flattered, and quickly yielding to Edith's fascinations. He wears a Union scouting rig.

Uncle Billy—Characterized by absolute devotion to his master and his master's family; unselfish in his service to them; cheerful in his hope of reconciliation. He wears

baggy trousers, old frock coat and colored vest; carries red bandanna.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—Boastful of "de Bailey plantation," eager to circumvent Fanny, yet always yielding to her. In the first and third act he wears a gala attire of checked trousers, black coat, bright tie and handkerchief, straw hat. In the second act he appears in dark working clothes.

PROPERTIES.

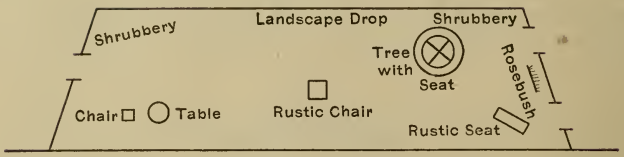
ACT I—Set trees, rosebush, tree with encircling seat, two rustic chairs, one rustic seat, one small table. Tray with bouquets of flowers for Fanny. Scarf and knitting for Mrs. Montgomery. Slippers on each end of a ribbon for Martha; basket for Susan; package containing small clock for Jane. Plate of refreshments for Sally Ann. Fraternity pin for John. Teacup for Marcella. Rose for Virginia's hair. Fiddle for Uncle Billy.

ACT II—Flower boxes for long window, one small and one large. Confederate flag. Old-fashioned sofa hassock and three chairs with crochet tidies. Round table with lamp, books, table cover, decanter of wine and glasses. Short muslin curtains for windows. Ornaments for mantels, old-fashioned pictures, rugs, etc. Hat for Colonel. Pin and glass of water for Betty. Basket for George Washington. Small United States flag and handkerchief for John. Work baskets containing bandages for Virginia, Edith and Betty. Dispatch and revolver for the Union scout. Revolver for Beverly. Sword for Uncle Billy.

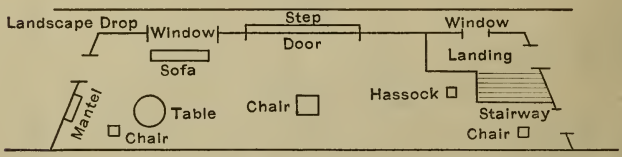
ACT III—Set trees, tree stumps, rustic bench, swing. Pan of peas for Betty. Flowers for Miss Melissy. Wheeled chair for John. Book for Uncle Billy. Basket containing cup of custard with spoon and napkin. Bonnet and handkerchief for Sally Ann. Papers and sealed package for Ralph Francis. Revolver for Beverly. Rose for Virginia's hair.

STAGE SETTING.

Act I.

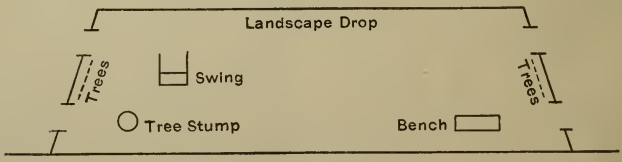


Act II.



The stairway and landing will add to the effect of this scene but are not necessary to the action of the play and can be eliminated.

Act III



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R.* 3 *E.*, right entrance, up-stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; up-stage, away from footlights, down stage, near footlights; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

"Destiny has brought me back to you, dear; just as I said it would."

THE THREAD OF DESTINY

Act I.

Scene: *Garden of Montgomery home. Full stage. Landscape and wood backing. Entrances at R. U. E., L. U. E. and L. 2 E. Tree with encircling seat, L. U. E. Rustic seat, L. 2 E. Rustic chair, C. Small table, R. 2 E. Chair R. of table. Shrubbery at L. U. E., R. U. E. and down stage, R. Rose bush back of rustic seat, L. 2 E.*

At rise, stage is well illumined, since it is afternoon. Discovered, Fanny *seated at table, R. 2 E., with tray of cut flowers, busily engaged in making buttonhole bouquets.*

Fanny. Dar now, dey's done—all fitten to gib Miss Jinny's young men when dey comes to wish dey good wishes to she and Marse Peyton. Le's see. I'll gib Marse Peyton dis bridey one—all white and sweet widout de thorns, for all de world lak' Miss Jinny; an' dis mignonette fuh de Colonel. Den de gayest an' han'somes' of all fuh Marse Beve'ly. De bachelor's buttons fuh dat fool young Marse Tom; an' as fuh de udder 'spirin' suitors fuh Miss Jinny's han', I'd lak to gib 'um bleedin' hearts! (*Scornfully.*) As if Miss Jinny 'd look at any pusson what isn't de quality. (*Rising and speaking with dignity.*) "No, suh," she say to ebery one of dese harf strainers what want to join deyselves to de Montgomery blue blood.

Enter George Washington, *L. 2 E.*

Fanny. "No, suh, I 'preciate de honah, I'se grieved to disapp'int yuh, but I does not hanker atter de holy bonds of matermony an' I spurn yo' lub."

George. Fo' de Lawd, Fanny, what's ailin' yuh? Is you jes' ackin de fool or is de moon's rays tetched yo' min'?

Fanny. Gwan, Gawge Washin'ton, yuh good-fuh-nothin' nigger. What fuh yuh hangin' roun' hyar?

George (*sadly shaking his head*). It's de moon's rays, Fanny—de moon's rays. (*Crosses to C.*)

FANNY. An' if it is, I'se mighty glad dat I'se a mind to be tetched; mo'n some udder niggers can say.

GEORGE. Ob all de sassy, upstarty niggers I ebber seen. When yuh git to be boss ob dis hyar plantation?

FANNY (*haughtily*). I b'longs to de Montgome'ys, *I* does.

GEORGE. Huh! Ain't I Marse Peyton's own pussonal body sarvant? *Gwan*, you say? Wal I reckon *not*. Ef it warn't fuh my side ob de house dar wouldn't be no pa'ty today. (*Struts to bench at L. 2 E.*)

FANNY. Yo' side ob de house! Jis' listen to dat fool 'stracted nigger! Yo' side ob de house! Doan yuh know dat Miss Jinny could-a-had any side ob de house in dis whole state ob Ferginny jes by noddin' her pretty head? (*Crosses back of table C.*)

GEORGE. Doan yuh know dat ebery gal in dis hyar county plum crazy 'bout Marse Peyton? Yo' Miss Jinny, too; jis' lak as not she's agged him on lak all de udders.

FANNY. *Agged him on!* Land knows he didn't need no aggin' on! Jes' buzzin' roun' huh all de time lak a bee after de honey. (*Stamps foot.*)

GEORGE. Miss Jinny is sho' a lucky gal to be marryin' into de Bailey fambly. Dey all high steppers. (*Comes to C., laughing and stepping very high.*)

FANNY (*angrily*). Miss Jinny a lucky gal! Stop dat laffin', Gawge Washin'ton, or fust thing youh know youh'll be laffin udder side ob yo' mouf.

GEORGE (*pompously*). Ain't we got niggers till dey is thick as de berries in a blackberry patch?

FANNY (*scornfully*). *Niggers!* Why you doan know what niggers is! An' as to hosses an' carriages—lordy! Dey so many dat we jis cyarnt count 'em.

GEORGE. Fried chicken ev'y day—gol' knives an' silber plates.

FANNY. An' di'mond spoons I reckon! Better watch out, yuh lyin' black nigger, or de Lawd 'll strike you plum daid lak dat Bible man Annynias what Miss Jinny tol' us 'bout.

GEORGE (*crosses back to table*). An' Marse Peyton he got mo'n a hundred westcoats, I reckon.

FANNY. Gawge Washin'ton, if you'se got to be struck by de han' ob de Lawd, go home an' be struck—or shet dat per-varicatin' mouf of yourn. Yuh is a triflin' no-count nigger, yuh is.

Enter BETTY, *L. 2 E.*

BETTY. Fanny! Fanny! Are you and George Washington quarreling again, and on Miss Virginia's engagement day? Oh, I am so sorry—

GEORGE (*turning*). Quarrel-in', Miss Betty, on dis suspicious occasion? Lawd, no; we wuz jis' 'sputin'—dat all. (FANNY *meets* BETTY *at C.*)

FANNY (*calling* BETTY *to bench, L. 2 E.*). Come hyar, Miss Betty, an' set down so I cyarnt see dat aggervatin' nigger. A rabbit done cross de road dis ve'y mo'nin', an' I'se ben speculatin' what bad luck I'd have dis day. *Now* I know; it's jes lookin' at Gawge Washin'ton. (*They seat themselves.*)

GEORGE (*following them*). Dar yuh go again. Nem'min' I seen a ha'nt last night. (BETTY *shakes head.*) Yes I *did,* Miss Betty, down by de cross roads; an' de Voodoo man he say it mean dat I run 'cross de debbil hisself. (*Gazing at* FANNY.) I'se done seen him today—only he's a *her.*

BETTY. Do you think it's very kind to Marse Peyton and Miss Jinny to say those dreadful things about each other, when everybody ought to be happy?

FANNY. Nobody in dis worl' good nuff fo' Miss Jinny. (*Turns back on* GEORGE.)

GEORGE. Queen o' Sheby ain't fitten to tetch Marse Peyton wid a ten foot pole. (*Turns back on* FANNY.)

BETTY. I don't believe you all want Virginia and Peyton to marry, and I don't think it's very considerate to *me.* Of course I'll miss Virginia; but still *I'm* growing up, and if she stays at home much longer, what chance have I to go to balls, to listen to serenades and to be the toast of the county?

FANNY (*soothingly*). Dar now, Miss Betty. Doan you worry. You'll hab all de young bloods atter you jes' lak Miss Jinny. Ain't yuh a Montgome'y, an ain't de Montgome'y blood de bluest in de state?

GEORGE. 'Ceptin' de Baileys. (*Turns.*)

FANNY (*turning*). Dar yuh are—breakin' out in a new place, Gawge Washin'ton. Ain't yuh got de sense yuh wuz born wid?

BETTY. Oh, stop and listen, for I've something dreadful, *dreadful* to say—and I must tell somebody.

FANNY (*quickly*). Dat fool Mose got 'ligion agin?

GEORGE (*eagerly*). Ole Lize been conjurin'?

BETTY. Worse than that—worse than that. (*Tragically.*) I've broken a looking-glass!

FANNY. Law, Miss Betty! (*Looks nervously around.*)

GEORGE. Whar's my rabbit foot? (*Fumbles in pocket.*)

BETTY. This morning early, and this morning of all others! To think I could spoil Virginia's happy day. I gathered up the pieces and took them to the Voodoo man, and—oh—

FANNY. What did he say, Miss Betty?

BETTY. He said—just like this—as he looked at the pieces—"Bloodshed—separation—death."

FANNY. Bloodshed! Dar gwine to be a duel. (*Shudders.*)

GEORGE. *Separation*—Marse Montgome'y sell de niggers.

BETTY (*sternly*). No gentleman ever sells his niggers, George Washington.

Enter EDITH, *R. U. E., unseen by them.*

FANNY (*shuddering*). Death! It's chilly roun' hyar, Miss Betty. De win's comin' up. (*Rises and crosses to table, R. 2 E.*)

GEORGE. It's de ha'nts a brushin' past us—de ha'nts! (*Follows* FANNY, *crossing back of table to chair.*)

BETTY. Oh, I can't get it out of my mind—I can't—I can't. Over and over again I hear him say it—"Bloodshed—separation—death." (*Rises and moves to C.*)

EDITH (*advancing*). What dreadful words for a beautiful morning like this. Foolish child, why do you say them?

BETTY. Oh, Cousin Edith, it's a sign—a sign—for I've broken a looking-glass. (*Sinks into chair at C.*)

EDITH. Is that all? Well, all the sign that I can see is the necessity of a new mirror. (*Stands L. of chair.*)

BETTY. You don't understand, Cousin Edith—you *can't* understand. Don't you have signs up North?

EDITH. Only pleasant signs, dear.

BETTY. But to break a looking-glass—do you know what it means?

EDITH. *Nothing,* dear. Don't worry your pretty head about it. Look at this sunshine; think of the friends that will soon come to greet you; best of all, remember that to-day you're welcoming the very nicest brother-to-be that the county has to offer. Do you suppose that breaking a silly looking-glass can change all this? *I don't.* Come here and let me smooth out the worry marks. (*Leads her to bench at L. 2 E. They seat themselves.*)

FANNY (*aside to* GEORGE). Miss Edith she done come from Boston to lib wid de folks. Ain't it curious dat she's kept huh manners and huh raisin' after libin' wid de Yanks? I speck it kase huh ma wuz bawn in Ferginny.

EDITH (*turning*). Fanny, Miss Virginia will be waiting for her flowers. It's almost time for the guests, you know. I wonder if George Washington will help you carry them.

FANNY (*tossing head*). If he keep he distance an' hold he tongue, I doan care. Follow me, Gawge Washin'ton. (*Starts off, L.*)

EDITH. Wait; you forgot the flowers. (FANNY *turns, makes cross before her and comes back.*) Why do you do that?

FANNY. Law, Miss Edith, you doan reckon I'd tu'n back widout makin' de sign! I ain't runnin' no risks! Hyar, Gawge Washin'ton, carry de tray. (*Gives him the tray.*) An' fall behine! De Montgome'ys will come fust, followed by de Baileys. To de rear, Gawge Washin'ton—to de rear. (*Exit* FANNY, *L. 2 E., followed by* GEORGE.)

EDITH (*laughing*). Aren't they funny? They all seem happy, these slaves of yours.

BETTY (*wonderingly*). *Slaves?* We never think of them as slaves. They're just our people and we love them dearly. (*A pause.*) Cousin Edith, it's a long, long way between the North and South, isn't it? And we don't quite understand each other.

EDITH (*seriously*). A long, long way. Perhaps that is why you don't realize the greatness of our North; why we Northerners fail to see you in your native atmosphere of sunshine, friendliness and brotherly love. And as you say, dear, we don't understand each other, and we must be taught in a hard and bitter way.

BETTY (*placidly*). I don't know of anything you all could teach us, but we'd be glad to help you out in any way we could.

EDITH. You asked me about signs, Betty, and I told you I placed no faith in them. But there *are* signs in which I must believe, whether I will or not. The signs of the times, Betty—the signs of the times.

BETTY. The signs of the times! You mean—

EDITH. That the sky is overcast with the cloud of disaster; that the sun of peace and serenity is hidden; that the far-off thunder is not that of the elements, but the rattle of musketry.

BETTY. Why, Cousin Edith, I don't understand. You frighten me, and—

EDITH (*laughing*). Nonsense, dear. See, I'm laughing. (*Turns.*) Look, here comes your mother. I'll race you to her.

Enter MRS. MONTGOMERY, *R. U. E. They rush to her.*

EDITH. Hands up, wayfarer! (*As they seize her she drops knitting ball and scarf.*)

MRS. M. Such a pair of brigands! There goes my knitting; there goes my scarf, and, alas, there goes my dignity. What a loss for an old lady! (*They bring her to chair at C., where she seats herself.*)

EDITH (*picking up the scarf*). Old lady! Listen to *that*, Betty. Yesterday, Aunt Charlotte, when you and Virginia were standing together I heard someone ask which was mother and which daughter. (EDITH *sits on right arm of chair*, BETTY *on left.*)

MRS. M. The tongue of flattery, Edith. Base flattery.

EDITH (*laughing*). Then such a gift must have been acquired from the Southern side of my house.

MRS. M. And the Southern side of your house has been missing you all these years, honey. It's mighty nice to claim you now—forever.

EDITH. And to take the homeless girl to your heart is a very beautiful thing to do. (*Puts left arm around* MRS. M.'s *shoulder.*)

MRS. M. I'm thinking that providence sent you my way, Edith, to take Virginia's place. Now that she is going, my courage fails me a little, and—I'll need you and Betty all the more. (*Begins to knit.*)

EDITH (*glancing at* BETTY). We'll do our best, won't we, Betty? (BETTY *nods.*)

MRS. M. Then begin your career of usefulness by finding my ball for me. (BETTY *picks up ball and hands it to her mother, then stands back of chair.*) When I'm particularly troubled, Edith, or particularly happy, or when my emotions get the better of me, I begin to knit. While I was waiting for the Colonel to propose I did yards and yards; when Beverly's baby curls were cut it was the only thing that kept back the tears; and when Virginia put on long dresses—well—

EDITH (*thoughtfully*). So you weave together the threads of happiness and of sorrow. I never thought of that before. Then the pretty things that your hands have fashioned are not lifeless and meaningless—they are biographies of love, faith, smiles, tears and romance.

MRS. M. Oh, Edith, each of us is knitting her own pattern of life, and as the needles of Fate click steadily on she weaves stitch by stitch the dreams, the aspirations and the tender thoughts that are too deep for utterance. (*Pause.*)

BETTY. That's all very well, mother, but why should you choose this particular time when the party is about to start? (*Crosses to bench, L. 2 E.*)

MRS. M. Honey, didn't you hear me say that my knitting is a vent for my emotions? And don't you think my emotions have a right to be stirred over losing Virginia? Why, I'll feel just the same about you when the time comes to give you up.

BETTY (*mournfully*). It doesn't look as if you'd have a

chance; and if Virginia should change her mind, I don't know where I would be. Oh, I wish I had a lover! (*Perches dejectedly on arm of bench.*)

EDITH (*laughing*). Funny little girl, don't you know there's a time for lovers, just as there is a time for measles and mumps, and that you can't manage the one half so well as the doctor can check the other?

BETTY. How can I tell when I haven't had a chance to try? Anyway, *I* am going to the party. (*Rises.*) Goodby, you pretty mother. (*Kisses her.*) Knit away all you want to—just like those old women of the French Revolution. Watch all the heads of Virginia's lovers as they fall into the basket of rejection—and hope, just as hard as you can—that one of them will roll my way. (*Runs out R. U. E.*)

Enter COLONEL MONTGOMERY. *L. U. E. Crosses to C. and gazes appreciatively about him.*

COLONEL. There is nothing in God's world so beautiful as a Virginia day, unless (*turning to his wife*), my dear, it's a Virginia woman!

EDITH (*slyly*). Be careful, Uncle, I'm here.

COLONEL (*bowing*). Or a woman that has Virginia blood in her veins. (*Picks rose and places it in her hair.*) My dear, I place this rose in your hair, and in my eyes the wearer shames the flower. (*To his wife.*) Mrs. Montgomery, I kiss your hand. (*Kisses her hand.*)

EDITH. Uncle John, I've always doubted the statement that you Virginians spoke in poetry, but you've just proved it true.

COLONEL. Poetry, my dear? Hardly. The only poetry that suggests itself today is that of blank verse. And (*bowing*) excepting for your presence, ladies, and asking your pardon, I could make use of every blank. (*Angrily.*) I've been grossly insulted, my dear Charlotte, grossly insulted.

MRS. M. John! (*Lays down knitting.*)

COLONEL. And by an upstart of a Yankee slave dealer! A slave dealer. (*Scornfully.*) A money-making Yankee

who chose to ignore the fact that I am a gentleman, that my father was a gentleman, and his father before him.

EDITH. But, Uncle, what did he say?

COLONEL. Wanted to buy a nigger of me, my dear—wanted to buy a nigger! (*Bends over wife.*) Charlotte, he asked me to sell Billy!

MRS. M. Billy, *Billy!* Why, John, I wonder that you didn't strike him to the earth.

COLONEL. The Lord stayed my hand, Charlotte. *Billy.* Why, I'd just as soon think of selling my own flesh and blood. As boys we fished together, went swimming together, took whippings for each other. *Sell Billy!* Does the man think that he's just so many pounds of human flesh and blood, to be bartered for coin? Why, Billy is no slave—he's my chum, my comrade, he's my friend.

EDITH (*rising*). I can't understand—I can't understand. You love these people, you care for them; yet you withhold their one rightful possession—freedom. (*Crosses to bench at L. 2 E. and stands back of it.*)

COLONEL (*turning to her*). The very fact that you can't understand, honey, is the reason that there *is* a North and South. Maybe we're wrong; maybe we must be taught the right, but whatever the solution of the problem, it is near at hand.

EDITH (*starting*). You mean—

COLONEL. That the blow has descended; for the fall of Fort Sumter and the President's call for troops has been speedily followed by the inevitable. Charlotte, Virginia has seceded. (*Lays hand on wife's shoulder.*)

EDITH (*excitedly*). Oh, how could she—how could she! Uncle, don't you see, can't you realize that it means war?

COLONEL (*raising hand*). Hush, Edith! Virginia has never faltered nor failed when called upon to contribute her manhood and her substance for the national defence. Bound by every obligation of law, of tradition, of honor, she has entered into the ranks of the secessionists.

EDITH. Secession! How terrible a thing it is! Can't the states see that they are precipitating a sectional war?

COLONEL. Every state has a constitutional right to with-

draw from the Union—we Virginians must grant that. But the moment we are called upon for troops, by which the Federal government may force the seceding states into submission, we can no longer stand aloof. We must cast our strength into the scale of disunion and war.

MRS. M. And do you think that all this will terminate in—war?

COLONEL. I fear it will.

MRS. M. John, it's a long road that we've traveled together, and we've shared the sunshine and the shadow. I'm strong enough to bear whatever must be borne. John, will you go? (*Puts out her hand.*)

COLONEL (*softly*). I'll go, Charlotte. Virginia has always claimed my love and my allegiance. She has every right to expect my help in her time of need. (*He takes her hand in both of his.*)

MRS. M. I give you gladly, and I am proud to have you go. (EDITH *quietly withdraws, L. 2 E.*)

COLONEL. Dear Charlotte, life has given us of its beautiful things. And now, if sorrow touches us, if separation—even if the parting must come—the sadness will not be so great if one must go on—alone.

MRS. M. (*softly*). For death is not goodbye, but only *auf wiedersehen.*

Enter VIRGINIA, *R. U. E. Comes down C.*

VIRGINIA. Oh, here you are, you sentimental things; and everybody wondering why you don't appear. You should hear the pretty compliments that are being showered upon Peyton and me. (*Stops suddenly.*) Why, what's the matter?

COLONEL. Just a problem of state, dear child, that evidently hasn't reached your ears. (*Moves to bench at L. 2 E., then turns and faces them.*) Virginia has joined the Confederacy.

VIRGINIA (*at back of chair, C.*). Oh, but that's good news. That's what Virginia ought to do, isn't it? And what difference does it make, anyway? (*Suddenly.*) Oh, father, you don't mean, you can't mean there'll be war—

COLONEL. Little girl, that is for wiser heads than ours to decree; and if there is war, it does not follow that it will be a long one. It need not touch your life in any way. Don't let the thought of it sully your betrothal day.

VIRGINIA. It would mean Peyton—Beverly—and you, father! (*Crosses to* COLONEL.) Oh, I've always thought of war as something far away. A woman is so pitiably weak in the face of such a thing. (COLONEL *puts his arm about her.*)

MRS. M. Ah, Virginia, she learns to be so pitifully strong when she realizes that the part is—to wait!

Enter BEVERLY, *R. U. E., comes down stage to right of* MRS. MONTGOMERY.

BEVERLY (*eagerly*). Mother—father—sis—I've enlisted and we move on tomorrow.

VIRGINIA (*running to him*). Beverly, don't go—don't go. I'm afraid. (*Hides her face on his shoulder.*)

BEVERLY (*soothing her*). Afraid of what? (*Looking around.*) Listen. In less than a month there will be twenty thousand men on the Potomac River, and after one possible engagement we'll be dictating peace to the Yanks—

MRS. M. (*rising*). John—tell him—he—(*Crosses to left of* COLONEL.)

COLONEL. Hush! Let the boy have the exhaltation of his mood. The knowledge will come soon enough. (*Puts arm about his wife.*)

BEVERLY. Why, sis, don't you remember when Peyton and I played soldiers with wooden muskets and stick horses? Well, it's just a toy war now, and the only difference is that we're on real horses and carry real guns and come back with real handles to our names. (*Crosses to* COLONEL *at L. 2 E.* VIRGINIA *walks slowly to table at R. 2 E.*) Father, you've taught me to love my state—with how deep a love I never realized until now, when it's given me to stand for her cause. You've set me the example of a true Virginian, sir, and I'll try to be worthy of my heritage. (*They clasp hands.*)

COLONEL (*with emotion*). My boy!

BEVERLY (*crossing to C.*). Oh, think of it all—the cheers and flowers as we ride away. There'll be the light of the campfire, the stories, the songs, the glory of the common cause. We'll force back the Yanks step by step. There'll be one battle, I trust—one great battle. We'll name our terms and then we'll come riding back to God's country while the band plays Dixie.

Enter SALLY ANN, LAURA LEE *and* TOM, *L. U. E.*

SALLY (*coming down C.*). I don't know why the band should be playing, but just so long as it's playing Dixie it suits me. (*Curtseying R. of C.*)

Good morrow, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For here's the Fairfax twins a-come
To visit this fine day.

COLONEL. Bless my soul. Now which is Sally Ann and which is Laura Lee? I declare you are as alike as two peas.

LAURA. So Tom thinks. He's so muddled now that he doesn't know whether he's *coming* or *wenting*. (*Crosses to left of* BEVERLY.)

TOM (*sighing*). "How happy I could be with either,
Were t'other fair charmer away."

(*Crosses to* SALLY ANN.)

SALLY. That's the truth for once in your life, Tom. It isn't half so easy to make love to two girls as it is to one. Is it?

TOM. Modesty in regard to my attainments forbids me to reply.

LAURA. He's going to war, Beverly; he's going to war. He's been going ever since the fall of Fort Sumter, and during the period of making up his mind to start he's torn asunder the heart of every maiden in the county.

TOM (*modestly*). That is not my fault—merely their misfortune.

SALLY (*pulling* TOM *to front of stage*). Stand forth, little tin soldier, and prove to the assembled multitude that you have the military attribute of observation. (*Beckons*

LAURA LEE, *who stands with her in front of* TOM.) Sally Ann and Laura Lee are before you. Question: Which is which? (BEVERLY *joins* VIRGINIA *at R. 2 E.*)

TOM. I told you half an hour ago that I didn't know. Haven't changed since then, have you?

LAURA. The clever woman is always changing—

TOM. Her mind? Granted. Also her lovers.

SALLY. A necessary precaution, since she's doomed to cope with the infidelity of man.

LAURA. You've known us since the mud pie age. Has no dominant characteristic impressed itself upon your mind?

TOM. Devilish flirts, both of you. (*Musingly.*) With Laura Lee a little in advance.

LAURA (*angrily*). Well, I reckon not. Sally Ann can beat me all hollow.

TOM (*dramatically*). Assembled multitude! Allow me to answer the question, "Which is which?" I present to you Miss Laura Lee of the bright eyes, sharp tongue and scintillating wit. (*Points at* LAURA LEE.) Come here, Sally Ann, and let me tie a blue ribbon on your finger. 'Twill save my brain the awful task of puzzling over your identity.

SALLY (*shrugging shoulders*). Not much. I don't mind being a blue ribbon prize, but I'm right particular about the judge. (*Turns to* VIRGINIA.) Come, Virginia, and guide me to the scene of festivity. Why are you leaving your guests, anyway? (*As* COLONEL *and* MRS. M. *start to go.*) Oh, Colonel, are *you* going, too? And you, Miss Charlotte? Then, Virginia, I scorn you as escort—if I may have the Colonel. (*She stands back as* VIRGINIA *and* MRS. M. *pass out.*) Ever heard the Fairfax motto, Colonel? "Every man is an opportunity—therefore grasp your opportunity." (*Seizes his arm. Exeunt* COLONEL, MRS. M., VIRGINIA *and* SALLY ANN, *R. U. E.*)

LAURA (*crossing to* BEVERLY). Bev, what do you call the reinforcement that arrives just as the besieged party is at the end of its resources? Well, never mind—you're it. Come on. (*Takes his arm, starts to R. U. E., and turns.*) Goodbye, Tommy dear. I see three fair maid-

ens approaching. Better supply yourself with extra ammunition in the way of sentimental nothings, sugar-coated lies and proposals that you don't mean. (*Exeunt* LAURA LEE *and* BEVERLY, *R. U. E.* TOM *seats himself in chair at C.*)

Enter MARTHA, SUSAN *and* JANE, *R. U. E.* MARTHA *and* JANE *with packages,* SUSAN *with basket.*

MARTHA. Oh, Tom, Tom, is it so hard for you to go? (*Starts to him, leaving others.*)

TOM (*turning*). It's not the mere sacrifice of myself for my country that is hard to bear; it's leaving you, Susan. (*Seizes her hand.*)

MARTHA (*crossing to table at R. 2 E.*). Oh, but I'm Martha.

TOM (*rising hastily*). What's in a name? A girl by any other name would be as sweet. (MARTHA *turns her back.*) No, I didn't mean it *that* way, Martha. Oh hang it (SUSAN *comes up behind him*), I don't know what made me call you Susan. (*Follows her to table.*)

SUSAN. Tom!

TOM (*turning*). Just speaking of you, Susan. (*Hastily leads her away, L. U. E. Softly.*) Speaking of you, aye, calling another by your name, thinking of you, sweetheart, moment by moment, thinking and dreaming only of— (JANE *comes up behind him.*)

JANE. Tom!

TOM (*turning*). Jane! (*Leads her away, R. U. E.*) Come, let me lead you to that shady seat within the sylvan nook. (*Softly.*) Fair lady of my heart, the remembrance of you will gladden me in the weary days to come. (MARTHA *and* SUSAN *come up behind him.*) In the light of the campfire will be reflected the image of—

SUSAN *and* MARTHA. Tom!

TOM (*turning*). The three of you! (*Leads them to tree with encircling seat at L. U. E.*) Come, group yourselves together, my three graces, and I'll humbly sit before you. (*The girls group themselves on seat.* TOM *sits on ground in front.*)

MARTHA (*leaning forward*). Oh, Tom, if there *should* be a battle! I wonder that you can be so brave about it all.

TOM (*loftily*). The whizzing of the bullets will be music to my ears; the crash of the artillery will spur me on to greater deeds; the thought of you, dear Martha, will help me win the laurel wreath of victory. (*Leans forward and takes her hand.*)

SUSAN (*anxiously*). But, Tom, the long, long nights, and the chill air of the morning. Do you think you'll have cover enough? Remember, you had a touch of rheumatism this last winter and your throat gets sore so easily. Won't you be careful?

TOM. Very careful—for your sake. Have no fears. I'm sure I can get an extra blanket if I need it. And if you will only think of me, dear Sue, no ill can come my way. (*Drops* MARTHA'S *hand and takes* SUSAN'S.)

JANE. And Tom, don't overdo in drilling. Promise me that if you get the least bit tired, you'll go to your tent and rest.

TOM. I promise, Jane. I'd promise anything to you. It makes me very happy that you should care so much. (*Drops* SUSAN'S *hand and takes* JANE'S.)

MARTHA (*opening package*). Tom, we all wish to give you some little token for goodbye. I thought maybe these slippers would be useful. They'll be so nice to put on in the evening when you're tired out from your day's march. (TOM *hangs slippers about his neck.*)

SUSAN (*opening basket*). And Tom, I know you won't get what you need in the way of food. So I've fixed a little basket of your favorites. Here's a jar of blackberry jam, one of plum butter and one of brandy peaches. They'll be easy to carry and you may not like the army fare, you know. (TOM *takes basket.*)

JANE (*opening package*). Tom, I've been right afraid you might oversleep some morning. And they don't like you to oversleep, do they? Anyway, I've brought you this cunning little clock to put under your pillow. It ticks right loud. Listen! (*Holds clock to his ear.*)

Enter BEVERLY *and* EDITH, *R. U. E.*

BEVERLY (*whistling*). What are you doing, Tom? Setting up housekeeping. (*After a moment.*) Oh, I see. Parting gifts.

SUSAN. Just to make it a little easier for him to go, Beverly.

BEVERLY. Easier? Why, my dear girls, it's hard enough to tear him away under ordinary conditions. And *now*. Here, pick up your belongings, Tom. Attention. (TOM *rises.*) Mark time. (*He obeys.*) *To arms*—young ladies. (*They rise.*) Take the right, Jane. And the left, Susan. (*They obey.*) To the rear, Martha, with the commissary department. March! (*Exeunt* TOM, MARTHA, SUSAN, JANE, *R. U. E., in marching time.*)

EDITH (*crossing to chair at C.*). Oh, the pathos of it all, the pitiful incapacity to realize! Why, that boy has no more idea of what the struggle will be than—have you.

BEVERLY (*at table, R. 2 E.*). Edith, it can't be much of a war. Why, the very flower of the South is preparing to march on Washington, twenty thousand strong.

EDITH. Is there no flower in the North to meet it? Is the foe so inferior that it will make no stand? Listen, Beverly. Twenty thousand men will be a mere detachment ere the war is over. And before peace is concluded, Virginia will be devastated, Virginia homes will be destroyed, Virginia hopes will be shattered. (*He smiles.*) You may smile if you wish. Like Cassandra of old, I know that words are unheeded; but some day you will realize that my prophecy rang true.

BEVERLY. Can't we make you see these things as we see them?

EDITH. Never, Beverly—never. Nothing can convince me that secession is anything but disastrous and overwhelming in its results; that slavery is anything but the nation's curse that must be wiped out by blood. (*Crosses to bench at L. 2 E. and leans on back.*)

BEVERLY (*crossing to chair at C.*). I'm sorry. Someway I had thought to go away with your good-will—your sympathy—with something else that now I dare not tell you of.

EDITH. Oh, Beverly, you have my good-will, my friendship. But *sympathy?*. How am I to give sympathy when you aim at the welfare of the land I love; when your hand is raised against those who are dear to me?

BEVERLY. Then it is the parting of the ways?

EDITH. Why that? Why need I sever the ties that you dear Virginians have woven so closely around me? Must a difference in opinion mean—separation? Can we not be generous to each other?

BEVERLY. Not in the way I'd hoped and dreamed of. Like the knight of old I had thought to meet my first venture with your colors on my shield.

EDITH. My colors? They are those of my nation, Beverly. The red, white and blue. Will you fight for them?

BEVERLY. Never—never. Oh, Edith, I can't. I can't. For I am a Virginian, and Virginia has seen fit to become one of the Confederate States of America! (EDITH *goes slowly toward L. 2 E., then turns.*)

EDITH. Come! (*Holds out her hand, he follows. Exeunt* EDITH *and* BEVERLY, *L. 2 E.*)

Enter SALLY ANN, *R. U. E., with plate of refreshments. Gazes around. Enter* FANNY, *L. 2 E.*

SALLY (*crossing to table at R. 2 E.*). Now where can my escort be? Fanny! (FANNY *hurries to her.*) Did you see that red-headed man anywhere around? (*Places plate on table.*)

FANNY. He's ober dar wid de udder one ob yuh.

SALLY. Mixed again. Well, so much the better. Run on, Fanny, and don't let anybody know where I am. I want to be alone.

FANNY. Sho' nuff, Miss Twinny. But would you min' tellin' me ef yuh is de one or de udder?

SALLY. I'm Sally Ann. Being twins, Fanny, is sometimes discouraging, isn't it?

Enter GEORGE WASHINGTON, *L. 2 E., with tray; walks slowly across stage.*

FANNY. Yas'm. Jes' one ob yo'self is about all a pusson can manage, ain't it. (*Catches sight of* GEORGE

WASHINGTON.) Careful, dar, Gawge Washin'ton. Don't you drap dat tray or I sho' bust yo' haid wide open. (*Follows him. Exeunt* FANNY *and* GEORGE, *R. U. E.* SALLY ANN *seats herself in chair, R. 2 E., and begins to eat.)*

Enter JOHN, *R. U. E., unseen by her. He stands looking at her.* SALLY ANN *looks up and sees him.*

SALLY (*nodding and smiling*). Howdy!

JOHN (*advancing*). Pretty tired at present and a trifle dusty. With your permission, I'll sit here. (*Seats himself in chair at C.*)

SALLY. Who are you, anyway?

JOHN. Nobody you know.

SALLY (*rising*). Thank you for telling me in such a courteous manner. Here in the South you know we are accustomed to gentlemen. With *your* permission, I'll say "good-day." (*Starts off R. U. E.*)

JOHN (*rising*). Oh, please don't. I didn't mean it *that* way. I was just afraid you wouldn't talk to me if you found out who I am.

SALLY. Well, I certainly won't if I don't find out. (*Comes slowly back.*)

JOHN. Very well. I'm John Merivale Morton at your service. I'm a Yankee, too, and proud of it.

SALLY (*curiously*). A *Yankee!* I've always wanted to see a Yankee real close. (*Comes back to chair at R. 2 E.*)

JOHN (*sarcastically*). Haven't you any museum of curiosities around here where you can become acquainted with the beast?

SALLY. You—seem—right—nice.

JOHN. A few of us are.

SALLY (*seating herself*). Where'd you come from?

JOHN. College. Ran away. (*Sits again in chair at C.*)

SALLY. College? Here in Virginia?

JOHN. Unfortunately, yes. Placed here by the whim of an eccentric but wealthy grandfather with Southern propensities.

SALLY. What did you run away for?

JOHN. Wanted to go in the army.

SALLY. What did your grandfather say?

JOHN. Didn't say; just exploded. During the fireworks I escaped. Having no money, I walked. Consequently, I'm starving. (*Rises and walks to table.*)

SALLY. I reckon you are. Even if you are a Yank, I can't see you starve. (*Hands him plate.*) Take this—eat—

JOHN. Drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may be enemies. (*Returns to chair and seats himself.*)

SALLY. Who says we're friends now?

JOHN. You've fed me. That's the way to a man's heart, you know.

SALLY (*archly*). Mercy. We Virginia girls don't have to depend upon *that*. Just being ourselves—usually brings results.

JOHN. I can believe it. Gee, but these biscuits are bully good.

SALLY. Beaten biscuits *they* are. You have light bread up North, don't you?

JOHN. I suppose that's what you call it.

SALLY (*shrugging her shoulders*). *Ugh!* And apple "sass" for breakfast.

JOHN. Apple sass may be unknown in this region; but another kind of sass is pretty plentiful.

SALLY. Do you really reckon there's going to be a war?

JOHN. We don't reckon at all—we know.

SALLY. I should think you'd get tired of having us teach you things.

JOHN. Watch out, my Dixie lady. You're on the verge of a pretty hard lesson yourself, and it won't be taught in words of one syllable, either.

SALLY (*rising*). Watch out, my impudent Yankee Doodle. Before you all know it you'll be beaten so hard that you'll be praying for mercy and promising anything if we'll just come back to you.

JOHN (*rising*). Oh, you think so, do you? Since you're a lady I can't answer that in the emphatic way I'd like to. Haven't you ever known a real representative Yankee?

SALLY. No, just you. (*Leans on table.*)

JOHN (*angrily*). Now what do you mean by that?

SALLY. Nothing at all. You *are* the only Yank I know, and after knowing you maybe I won't want to know any others.

JOHN (*eagerly*). Do you like me well enough to—

SALLY. Don't misunderstand. I mean isn't one Yank enough for a Virginia girl to count among her acquaintance? What do you suppose my friends would do if they could see me now?

JOHN. Quarantine you, I suppose. This will be a great adventure for you, won't it? Better keep it as a dangerous secret.

SALLY. *Keep it!* A secret's no fun unless you tell it.

JOHN (*crossing to table*). Fair lady, I return to you your plate—scraped, cleaned and polished! You have today done a great service to the North, in that you have fed and revived one of her most loyal supporters. (*Puts plate on table.*)

SALLY. Don't put it that way or you'll make me sorry I've done it.

JOHN. To Virginia cooking and Virginia cooks I yield the palm of glory. Isn't that nice of me? Now, where's the recruiting station?

SALLY (*pertly*). For Yanks? How should I know? Ask the niggers or some of the poor white trash.

JOHN (*bowing*). Thanks for telling me in such a courteous manner. In the North, you know, we are accustomed to ladies. With your permission, I'll say good-day. (*Turns and starts toward L. U. E.*)

SALLY. Oh, *stop*, John Merivale Morton. I didn't mean what I said, and I apologize. (*Pleadingly.*) Please stay. (JOHN *turns and looks at her.*)

JOHN. Heavens, are all Southern girls like you? What I've been missing all these years. (*Comes slowly back to chair at C.*)

SALLY. Aren't there any girls up North?

JOHN. Yes, but they're up North. And you haven't even told me your name. (SALLY *comes up to him.*)

SALLY. Sally Ann Fairfax. Will you remember it?

JOHN. Will I remember? Listen, Sally Ann Fairfax.

Here's my frat pin. (*Takes off pin.*) It's the only thing I can give you and it means more to me than anything else in the world. Will you let me put it on you and forget that I am a Yank? (SALLY *draws away.*)

SALLY. Wait. Are all other members Yanks—Northerners?

JOHN. Only a few. Most of them are your loyal Virginians.

SALLY. Then I'll wear it. (*Suddenly.*) Anyway, I'd wear it for you; for, even if you are a Yank, I like you. Goodbye, John Merivale Morton. (*Holds out both hands.*)

JOHN (*taking her hands*). Goodbye, Sally Ann Fairfax. Some day I'm coming back to you. It may be in the midst of war, but the war clouds will pass away; it may be in times of bitterness and hatred, but peace will conquer. Wherever I go, whatever I do—even when I'm fighting for Uncle Sam—I'll think of you just as I see you now. And some day I'm coming back to Dixie, Sally Ann. Some day I'm coming back to you. (*Exit* JOHN, *L. U. E.* SALLY *stands looking after him. She waves her hand, goes slowly to table, then takes the plate and slowly leaves the stage at R. U. E.*)

Enter MARCELLA, MAMMY DINAH, MARION *and* TOM. *L. 2 E.* MARCELLA *pulling the reluctant* MAMMY, *who sinks heavily into chair at C.* MARCELLA *sits on right arm of chair;* MARION *stands behind;* TOM *sits on bench at L. 2 E.*).

MAMMY. Law, Miss Marion an' Miss Ma'cella, who you reckon gwine cut de cake fuh Miss Charlotte up at de big house? Who gwine make de cherry bounce? Gwan now. I ain't got no time to fool wid you.

MARCELLA. Oh, Mammy, just a minute. And they are such splendid tea grounds. (*Holds out tea cup.*)

MARION. And Tom's just dying to have his fortune told.

TOM (*gloomily*). I have no fortune—only misfortune.

MARCELLA. Of course, Tom, we know that there would be a *miss something* in it. (*Puts cup in* MAMMY'S *hand.*)

MARION. And it's only the question of which *miss* it is that's bothering us.

TOM. To hear you people talk anyone would think that I'm a flirt.

MARCELLA. *Flirt?* Why, Tom, you are as constant as the Northern star.

TOM. Not much. If I can't be the Southern one, I won't play.

MAMMY. Stop dat nonsense, Marse Tom, and come hyah, chile, if yuh want me to read dem tea grounds; for it won't take long to settle dis hyah chile's hash. (*Looks closely at tea grounds.*) Law, honey, you gwine on a long journey. I spec' you gwine to war.

TOM (*petulantly*). I don't know whether I am or not. Things look different now. I reckon I'll stay at home.

MARION (*teasingly*). Mercy, Tom! Think of that martial music you were to hear; the brigadier general you were to be; the honorable wounds you were to receive.

MARCELLA. Wounds? Cupid's arrows have already pierced you so many times, that if we'd hold you up to the light you'd look like open work embroidery!

TOM. You girls make me tired. Haven't I a right to change my mind?

MAMMY. (*still studying tea grounds*). Dat changin' de min', honey, belong to a woman, an' dese hyah tea grounds say dat ef you change et much mo' 'bout de gals, dar won't be no min' 'tall, an' no gals ne'der.

TOM (*rising and crossing to left of chair C.*). That's just like you, mammy—taking up for the girls—and not a word about *their* flirting and *their* foolishness. If there's anything more fickle than the southern girl, I haven't found it.

MAMMY. Law chile, de good Lord gib de woman dese ve'y things, jis kase she got to fight agin de man. Jes so long as she pull de wool ober his eyes and use flatterous words to him—jes as long as she feed him good—she got him jes where she want him. (*Rising.*) Go long, Marse Tom—how I gwine to tell yo' fortune till yo' git to be a man? (*Exit R. U. E., singing negro song.*)

MARION. Alone, Tommy, alone with you! A third person doesn't matter!

MARCELLA (*rising*). Don't go to war, Tom—we need you here to practice upon. (*Coaxingly.*) Don't go! (*Joining hands, they circle around him.*)

Enter PEYTON, *R. U. E.*

TOM. Help! Help!

PEYTON (*whistling*). Tom, surrounded by girls and calling for help! Is the millenium at hand? Or is it one proposal too many, my boy? (*Leans against table, R. 2 E.*)

TOM. It's a practical example of too much of a good thing.

PEYTON. Look here children—is there any particular reason that you should cleave to this particular spot? Can't Tom make love any place else?

MARION. All Tom needs is the girl, Peyton. Practice has made any place an enchanted spot.

PEYTON. Then move on, all of you, I'm to meet my lady love here. Those people up there have succeeded in keeping us apart all afternoon. (*Pleadingly.*) Have mercy, and give us this chance.

TOM. I want to stay here and see how you do it, Peyton.

PEYTON. How I do it—hear the boy. In comparison with your efforts, my modest attempts are as water unto wine.

Enter VIRGINIA, *R. U. E.*

PEYTON. Now this is where your career of usefulness ends. Get out.

VIRGINIA. Oh, Peyton, how inhospitable. And Tom once proposed to me too! (*Crosses to C.*)

PEYTON (*standing*). Isn't that enough reason for me to eject him? Suppose you'd accepted him?

VIRGINIA (*softly*). Why, how could I, when there was *you!* (PEYTON *starts to her.*)

PEYTON. Virginia—

TOM (*rushing between them*). This is no place for Tommy. If I ever proposed to you, Virginia Montgomery—

and I don't remember doing it—it was because I didn't want you to feel slighted.

MARCELLA (*pulling him away*). Well somebody else is going to feel slighted if you don't hurry up. I'll break my engagement.

MARION. I'll break mine too, then where'll you be? (VIRGINIA *crosses to bench, L. 2 E.*)

TOM. If I were to apostrophize the southern girl, I'd say—

MARCELLA. Look Marion, who is that new girl? The one with Beverly? (*Points.*)

TOM (*suddenly*). Where? (*Looks out.*) By jove, I wonder who she is. Come on. (*Exeunt* MARCELLA, MARION, TOM, *R. U. E.*)

PEYTON. What's the use of being engaged honey-love, if you're way off there and—(*crosses to her and attempts to embrace her. She wards him off.*)

VIRGINIA. Don't, Peyton, don't—somebody might see—

PEYTON. I don't care, do you?

VIRGINIA. No, no! (*Hastily as he starts to her*). Yes I do, anyway you're going to have years and years in which to make love to me.

PEYTON. That won't be long enough.

VIRGINIA. And you'll have years and years for me to prove—oh lots of things.

PEYTON. What, for example?

VIRGINIA. How much I—like you! (*He rushes toward her, she dodges, rises and hurriedly seats herself in chair C.*) Hands off, Peyton!

PEYTON. Virginia, suppose something should happen to test your love. Could it stand the test? (*Sits on right arm of her chair.*)

VIRGINIA. It wouldn't be love if it couldn't, would it?

PEYTON. Would you be true to me—through anything, through everything?

VIRGINIA. How strangely you talk. *True* to you? Why do you ask me?

PEYTON. Just to have you answer, dear. Isn't that reason enough?

VIRGINIA (*putting her hand in his*). Peyton—what is it?

PEYTON. I've something to tell you.

VIRGINIA. Don't, Peyton, don't—not today. It was the brightest day of my life until the shadow fell across it. Somehow I feel that the happy days are over. (*Rises.*)

PEYTON (*rising*). The yesterdays have been good to us Virginia. We must not grieve if there is a shadow on the face of tomorow.

VIRGINIA. But there won't be a war, there can't be. (*Crosses to bench at L. 2 E.*)

PEYTON. But there *will* be a war—a bitter one. We may as well face the question today as tomorrow.

VIRGINIA. And you will go? (*Seats herself.*)

PEYTON. Would you have me stay?

VIRGINIA. No I couldn't, I couldn't; your honor is very dear to me. But if there is a war; to wait, to fear, to suffer, oh Peyton, I fear I am a very little girl after all. I've had you all my life and I need you, now. (*Holds out her hands.*)

PEYTON (*crossing to her*). And I need you, dear, more than I ever needed you before. For, Virginia, I'm going into the Union Army.

VIRGINIA. I don't understand, I don't understand. (*Pulls her hands away.*)

PEYTON. It's hard to repeat it, dear, I'm going into the Union army! Oh you don't know what it means for me to say this, how I've fought it for weeks, how I've struggled against this conviction of what is right. Outwardly, I've been the happy, carefree boy who seemed to have nothing but good fortune as his heritage; inwardly I've been the man with but two thoughts—love for you and love for my country.

VIRGINIA. And you say this to me, you dare to say it? (*Rises.*)

PEYTON. Oh, Virginia, I can't make you understand—nobody will understand. I hardly understand myself. I only know that I must go.

VIRGINIA (*scornfully*). Oh that I should have given my love to a traitor, that I should live to see you turn against

your state, against those who are dearest to you, to whom you owe the most. Oh Peyton, tell me that it isn't so. (*Goes close to him and lays her hand on his shoulder.*)

PEYTON. But it *is* so, Virginia. If I lift my hand against the South I know that I strike at the heart of all I love the most; if I turn against the Union I am false to all that is best in me.

VIRGINIA. But Beverly, my brother—your best friend. (*Turns and walks to L. 2 E.*)

PEYTON. Hush, Virginia, I can't speak of that. All that I can do is to pray that we'll never meet.

VIRGINIA. And your father—oh, I am glad that he has not lived to see this day.

PEYTON. Don't make it so hard for me, Virginia.

VIRGINIA (*turning*). Listen, Peyton, if you do this terrible thing—if you are false to my state, my people, my cause, you must choose between this mistaken duty and me!

PEYTON. I expected this, Virginia, and I can only say that if I knew my choice meant to lose you and your love, forever, I must go on as I have begun. I have ceased to reason. I only know that I must go!

VIRGINIA (*scornfully*). Then *go!*

PEYTON (*rushing to her and catching her in his arms.*) Virginia, you shall not send me away from you in this way. Is this the love that was to stand the test of anything—of everything?

VIRGINIA. I had not reckoned on treason. A Virginia woman does not even recognize an acquaintance among the enemies of Virginia.

PEYTON. You mean it? (*Releases her.*)

VIRGINIA. I mean it, Peyton. The moment you ally yourself with an alien country, an alien people and an alien cause, you place a chasm between us that never can be bridged. (*Seats herself on bench, L. 2 E.*)

PEYTON (*leaning over back of bench*). Virginia, there is an unseen hand that is silently weaving the fabric of our lives. Joy, sorrow, romance, sacrifice—back and forth the shuttle gathers the tangled threads as the pattern is noise-

lessly and mystically fashioned. But in and out of the background runs the golden thread of destiny; a destiny that will bring you back to me as surely as it will evolve from a distracted North and a rebellious South, a sane and steadfast Union.

VIRGINIA. I must not listen to you—I must not.

PEYTON. Long ago two rival factions quarreled. One chose the white rose as its badge, the other bore upon its shield the red. (*Picks rose from bush.*) Today I pick this crimson bud. I give it to you, Virginia, for it symbolizes my heart's blood. If I do not come back, it will tell you always of my love for you, of my duty as I saw it. (VIRGINIA *turns and takes the rose.*) It's good-bye, dear—perhaps forever. Before I go give me the white rose that you wear. (*Takes rose from hair.*) So like you in its purity and sweetness. I'll keep it always, and it will help me to be true to myself—to you—and to what I think is right. (*Kisses rose and places it within his coat.*)

Enter SUSAN, *R. U. E.*

SUSAN (*to those off stage*). Here, Uncle Billy—this way, everybody, for a Virginia reel.

Enter UNCLE BILLY *with fiddle and takes his place C. of F. He is followed by* BEVERLY, TOM, COLONEL, EDITH, SALLY ANN, LAURA LEE. PEYTON *and* VIRGINIA *take the places of head couple. They all dance the Virginia reel to the tune of "Dixie," singing the chorus.*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Hall in the home of* COLONEL MONTGOMERY. *Landscape drop seen through door at C. in F. Entrance at C. in F. with double doors opening in; raised step at back of door extending full length of entrance. Long window at R. of C. in F. with flower boxes. Stair of seven or eight steps beginning at L. 2 E., with landing at L. U. E.; small window on landing. Practical doors at R. U. E., L. 2 E.*

and L. U. E. (on landing); old-fashioned mantel down R., adorned with a small Confederate flag and some old-fashioned ornaments. Sofa under window R. of C. in F. Large arm chair R. of C.; chairs at R. 2 E. and L. 2 E.; hassock by stairway down L. Large round table down R. with lamp and books; also a decanter of wine and glasses. Large Confederate flag on stairway. Furniture, if possible, should be of haircloth adorned with crochet tidies; the short window curtains are of muslin. In any available space on the walls, family portraits in oval frames may be hung. Mantel may be omitted, in which case the small Confederate flag is fastened to the wall.

At rise stage is well illumined, since it is afternoon. Discovered, UNCLE BILLY *standing on step at entrance C. in F. and looking off L.*

BILLY (*speaking to* MOSE *off stage*). Fust fox out de hole is yer? Well den Mose, you jist move on—step lively too—for ef you gwine over to de damn Yanks, thar ain't no use in tarryin' wid us no longer. Don't you tech dat dog o' Marse John's—dar your own sniveling stump-tailed yaller cur down by de pike. Hurry up. De Yanks am a-waiting fur you an' ef day whallop dat black hide ob yourn et sarve you right.

Enter MAMMY DINAH, *L. 2 E.*

MAMMY (*at door*). Law, Billy, what you bawlin' 'bout? Jes' kase dat fool Mose wanter go? Let 'em go. Can't much blame him. All de udder niggers am gone an' dis plantation done got nothin' but hawg an' hominy on it.

BILLY (*coming down C.*). You reckon you an' me leave kase thar ain't nothin' but hawg an' hominy?

MAMMY (*at back of chair*). Law no, Billy; but den you'se Billy an' I'se Dinah an' dat make all de difference in de world.

BILLY (*at chair R. of C.*). Marse John and Marse Beverly gone—niggers run away—plantation gone to waste—Mis' Charlotte hungry an'—Lawd, Dinah, dis ain't war—it am hell.

MAMMY. Hell? Don' you reckon I see Mis' Charlotte growin' mo' peaked ev'y day?

BILLY. De ol' days, Dinah—'member? Dem wuz high times. Git up in de mawnin', look out ober de lawn an' see mo'n a dozen ob de fustest quality folks ridin' in at de gates.

MAMMY. Marse John an' Miss Charlotte both on de po'ch; all de little pickannnies runnin' from de quarters.

BILLY. Miss Jinny and Marse Peyton—

MAMMY. Hush! Dat chile's trouble jes' to think of—not to talk 'bout. (*Pause.*) Billy, de lights am out, de flowers am faded, de guests am gone. We is all dat's lef of de ol' days—an' de good Lawd willin', we'll stay till de end.

Enter COLONEL MONTGOMERY, *R. U. E.*

COLONEL (*coming down R.*). Plotting and planning, Dinah? Or does Billy need a bit of discipline? (*Puts hat on table.*)

MAMMY. Law, Marse John, you reckon I got time to fool wid Billy? Ain't I busy gittin' yo' dinner an' ain't dat dar chicken jis' 'bout ready to take off de fire? (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

BILLY. Marse John, yo' gwine back to de fightin'?

COLONEL. Back to the fighting, Billy—back to the suspense—back to the struggle for a lost cause. (*Crosses slowly to chair, L. 2 E.*)

BILLY. I wish I could help, Marse John.

COLONEL. Help? Why, Billy, do you suppose I could be satisfied unless I knew that you were here? *Help?* Why, you've been my stay in time of trouble—my friend, Billy—my friend.

BILLY (*with emotion*). Marse John—

COLONEL. Listen, Billy. I'm your master no longer. The President has made you free—free to go where you wish—to do whatever you may choose.

BILLY (*advancing to him*). Marse John, I neber thought you'd say this to me—atter all dese years together—atter—(*kneels before* COLONEL.)

COLONEL. Billy—man—you don't understand. No mat-

ter how much I may wish you to stay, how much you may mean to me, I must recognize the law of the land. (*Puts hand on* BILLY'S *shoulder and raises him.*)

BILLY. De law of a lan' dat brings sufferin' an' sorrow to de people I lub? Marse John, dis nigger recognize no law but de law of his marster. I wan' to stay wid you, Marse John—I wan' to stay wid you!

COLONEL (*turning*). And what have I to offer you? Only the remembrance of a man who has drunk deep of the cup of bitterness—who has heard the piteous pulsating cry of the stricken South. Ah, Billy, it is memory that stings. (*Seats himself.*)

BILLY. No, Marse John—no. It's memory that blesses us. Don' you reckon de happy times dat have come and gone are mo' to us dan de darksome days?

COLONEL. The darksome days are upon us, Billy. Over there is a little band of men who wear the gray. They are fighting grimly, silently, struggling bravely against that which threatens the life and the liberty of the land they love.

BILLY. Marse John, ol' Billy can't understand it all; but somehow he's a thinkin' dat ef de Lawd has tooken care of us all dis time he'll not fergit us in de day of trouble, an' what's gwine to happen, gwine to happen fo' de best. De sun am been in hidin' dis long time, Marse John; but some day it shine out agin on all of us.

COLONEL. On *all* of us. Oh, Billy, if I might be sure of it. It's the thought of the one that may be missing—of those who may be left—that takes the manhood out of me. Beverly—my boy—in constant danger—

BILLY. Pshaw! Marse John; you think dat de Yanks can ketch dat dere-debbil of a Beverly? Why I lerned him to ride myself—and—(COLONEL *bows his head on his hands*) —don't, Marse John; don't. M'ember dis, dat whatever happens, I'm here. (*Puts hands on* COLONEL'S *houlder.*)

COLONEL (*rising*). I will remember it, Billy. And I know that you'll never break faith. Give me your hand, old fellow—we understand each other. (*They clasp hands.*)

Enter MAMMY DINAH, *L. 2 E.*

MAMMY. Law sakes, Billy, how you reckon I gwine fix de Colonel's dinner if you stan' dar all day? (*Crosses to R. U. E. and opens door and calls to* FANNY *off stage.*) Ain't you sot dat table yet, Fanny—you lazy, no 'count nigger? I ain't gwine to tell you no mo'. (*Turning and calls.*) Billy? (*Exit R. U. E.*)

BILLY (*turning head*). Comin', Dinah—comin'! (*Wiping his eyes on his sleeve.*) Dis damp weather do suttinly gib me de sniffles, Marse John. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

Enter BETTY, *R. U. E.*

BETTY (*coming down C.*). Father, all by yourself? (*Suddenly.*) Oh, you're troubled—you're weary.

COLONEL (*extending his hand*). War is a cruel thing, little girl. It has taken away all the gladsomeness of your youth, and has given you fears and responsibilities too heavy for you to bear. The bud has become a blossom before its time.

BETTY (*taking his hand in both of hers*). But blossoms are lots more use than buds, father. (*Draws him to chair R. of C.*) Come, sit here—as you used to do—and make believe that the war's all over and you're home again.

COLONEL (*seating himself R. of C.*). It is hard to make believe in the face of disaster, dear.

BETTY (*perching on left arm of chair*). It's well that we cannot see into the future, isn't it? I don't reckon that many of us would have the courage to face it.

COLONEL. Courage comes with the dawn of each day; and in some way we are given strength to bear the burden.

BETTY. I have been thinking today of Virginia's engagement party—it seems so many years ago—and I was such a little girl.

COLONEL (*quickly*). Oh, you should have had your youth and the beautiful things that go with youth. And instead—

BETTY (*placing right arm about his neck*). Hush, father. They are such trivial things, after all; for now I wish only for one thing, and I wish it so hard that it seems as if it

must come true. Oh, you know the wish without my telling you—that we will all once more be—together.

COLONEL (*sadly*). *Together.* It's the most beautiful word in the world, Betty. (*Puts right hand on her left.*)

BETTY. I try to be brave—really I do—and each morning I say to myself, "The same sun that's shining here is shining on Beverly—on father. Some day the war will be forgotten. They will be home again, and we shall be happy—happy!" But there is always a choke in my throat and sometimes I cannot see the sunshine—because of the tears. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

COLONEL (*tenderly*). Dear daughter, Virginia did not send all her bravest soldiers to war—for her women remained at home. They have fought their own battles of suspense, of fortitude and of privation.

BETTY. I'm not much of a soldier, am I? Tears and faintheartedness do not become your daughter and Beverly's sister. (*Rises.*)

COLONEL (*rising and putting hands on her shoulders*). Little Colonel, I have never found you failing on your duty; that's why I'm leaving the garrison in your charge, for I know that my commander will supply the ammunition of cheer, of smiles and courage. Be brave, little soldier; be brave, and your father will carry away with him a consolation that will help him in the days to come.

BETTY. I will, father. Oh, I will!

MAMMY (*off stage*). Marse John, you reckon dis chicken gwine wait fuh you all de day?

COLONEL. I'm coming, Dinah; I'm coming. (*He crosses to R. U. E., turns, comes back to* BETTY *at C., kisses her and leaves the room at R. U. E.*)

Enter LOUISE, *C. in F.*

LOUISE (*coming down C.*). Evening, Miss Betty. I've just torn my gown on your obstreperous rosebush. May I bother you for a pin?

BETTY (*turning*). Surely you may, Miss Lawton. Just come right in. Only you mustn't call our rosebush obstrep-

erous, for it's quite the joy of our household. (*Takes pin from dress and hands it to* LOUISE.)

LOUISE. Traditional, I suppose. Like so many other things in this adorable Virginia. (*Pins her dress.*)

BETTY. Quite traditional. Mother and father planted it on their wedding day, and it has bloomed every year since then. You're visting here, aren't you, Miss Lawton? (*Stands with back to table and hands on it.*)

LOUISE. Hardly that. Rather, recuperating. I've been teaching school in Kentucky. (*Crosses to chair at L. 2 E.*)

BETTY. I reckon that does wear one out, but I've always thought it would be fun to teach the young idea to shoot—

LOUISE. Gracious! Nobody in Kentucky needs to be taught to shoot—that knowledge is born with him. (*Seats herself.*)

BETTY. And this is your first visit to Virginia?

LOUISE. My first. And I'm finding but one lack in your beautiful state.

BETTY. And that?

LOUISE. Men.

BETTY (*laughing*). A sad situation for a Kentucky girl, isn't it? I'm sorry; but all our men have gone to war. Virginia needed them more than we.

LOUISE. This (*pointing to* COLONEL'S *hat by table*) doesn't bear out your statement as to the lack of all things masculine.

BETTY (*turning her head*). Oh, my father's. He's been with us for a few hours and goes back to his command this evening.

LOUISE. Does he come often?

BETTY. Very seldom. And each time it's harder to let him go.

LOUISE. You Virginia women are very brave. Is—is there no other man in your family?

BETTY. Oh, yes, my brother, Beverly—the most wonderful brother in all the world.

LOUISE. Then he must be a very important man to the southern cause.

BETTY. General Lee puts every hope in him.

LOUISE (*quickly*). Does he ride?

BETTY. *Ride?* Why, every Virginian rides; and Beverly is in the saddle twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Why did you ask?

LOUISE. Why, my dear, for no other reason than that of idle curiosity. (*Rises.*) I've been selfish, haven't I? Taking you from your father. If you'll give me a glass of water before I venture out on that dusty pike, I'll be just that much more indebted to you.

BETTY. Why, I should have thought of that. I'm afraid you think me a poor hostess. You'll excuse me a moment. (*Exit L. 2 E.*)

LOUISE *goes hastily to door C. in F., beckons and is joined by* JOHN, *who comes from R.*

LOUISE (*quickly*). This is the place, I think. There is a brother—evidently a scout—likely the man you want. The house has many hiding places and will bear shadowing. (*Exit* JOHN *to R.* LOUISE *comes to C.*)

Enter BETTY, *L. 2 E., with glass of water; crosses to* LOUISE.

LOUISE (*taking glass*). Thank you so much. (*Drinks.*) And will you come to see me sometime?

BETTY. I'll try, and I wish I might do something to make your stay more pleasant. I don't like you to remember us as inhospitable. Good-bye. (*Shakes* LOUISE'S *hand. Exit* LOUISE, *C. in F.* BETTY *gazes after her, then turns and leaves the room at R. U. E.*)

Enter GEORGE WASHINGTON *and* FANNY, *C. in F.,* GEORGE WASHINGTON *carrying a basket.*

FANNY. Much obleeged, Gawge Washin'ton. (*Sits on step in door.*) Won't you set down an' rest a while?

GEORGE (*seating himself by her*). Reckon I will. It sho' am lonesome ober at de plantation since de big house am closed and Marse Peyton gone to de war—

FANNY. Gone to de Yanks, why don' you say? Ef he'd a-stayed at home an' behaved heself—

GEORGE. You hush, Fanny. Dar's one thing you can't tear to pieces wid yo' tongue an' dat's Marse Peyton. Ef he wanter fight wid de Yanks you may be sho' dat it's all

right fo' him to fight wid 'em. Marse Peyton, he don't make no mistake.

FANNY (*sniffing*). Huh! I reckon you is insinuatin' dat Marse Beve'ly made de mistake—

GEORGE (*sullenly*). Ain't insinuatin' nuttin. De Baileys dey don' believe in criticisin' dey neighbors.

FANNY (*pertly*). De Montgome'ys, dey don' do nuttin to be criticized 'bout.

GEORGE. Look hyah, Fanny, I done got tired of fightin' wid you. Dar is 'nough fightin' goin' on any way widout tongue-lashin'.

FANNY (*sighing*). Dese am troublous times, Gawge Washin'ton—troublous times. De sky am jis' one big black cloud.

GEORGE (*moving closer*). Every cloud, it got a silber linin', Fanny.

FANNY. You reckon dat's true, Gawge Washin'ton?

GEORGE (*moving closer*). Fanny (*leaning to her*), won' you let me be de silber linin' to yo' cloud?

FANNY (*drawing away*). Lan' sakes, Gawge Washin'-ton, I don' wan' no tarnished silber linin' to my cloud.

Enter RALPH *C. in F. back of them.*

RALPH (*dictatorially*). Tell your Miss Virginia that I wish to see her.

FANNY (*paying no attention*). Ez I wuz sayin', Gawge Washin'ton—

RALPH. Did you hear what I said?

FANNY. I heard what you said but I don' jes' 'prove ob de way you said it.

RALPH. You impudent black creature, do you know to whom you are speaking?

FANNY (*turning her head*). Law, yes—Marse Francis. You reckon you kin be de only man what didn't go to war and folks not know it.

RALPH. I'll have you whipped—

FANNY. Oh, no, you won't. I b'long to de Montgome'ys, an' de Montgome'ys don' whip dey niggers.

RALPH (*angrily*). Will you tell your mistress I am here?

FANNY (*rising*). I go warn her dat you is hyah. (GEORGE *rises.*) Come on, Gawge Washin'ton; we continue our interrupted conbersation out in de gyarden. (*Exeunt* FANNY *and* GEORGE *to R.*)

RALPH *comes down C., crosses to mantel, examines articles on mantel and table, then crosses and seats himself in chair, L. 2 E. After a few moments* VIRGINIA *enters, R. U. E.*

VIRGINIA. Mr. Francis? (*Stands at door.*)

RALPH (*rising*). Miss Montgomery, may I have a few moments' conversation with you?

VIRGINIA. Be very brief. My father is with us for a few hours and my time belongs to him.

RALPH. It is—business, perhaps you might call it.

VIRGINIA (*turning*). Then I'll call my mother. Doubtless—

RALPH. But it is business with you—you alone. Will you be seated?

VIRGINIA. Thank you, I prefer to stand.

RALPH. Miss Montgomery, your plantation is in a most hopeless condition.

VIRGINIA. Did you come here to tell me that? Then we may as well call the visit at an end. (*Comes down R. to table.*)

RALPH. Wait. Let me finish. This condition you are powerless to remedy.

VIRGINIA. It is the fortune of war. We are not complaining.

RALPH. I came here today to offer my help.

VIRGINIA. It is not necessary, Mr. Francis. I thank you for the impulse, but—

RALPH. Listen. As you know, I have been a successful man—

VIRGINIA. Successful in a material way, perhaps. Pardon me if I say that success gained by taking advantage of other people's misfortunes is not worthy the name of success.

RALPH. Every one must look out for himself, Miss Montgomery.

VIRGINIA. It has been proven, I think, that one may do that and still lend a helping hand—

RALPH. I have improved my opportunities.

VIRGINIA. To the exclusion of your patriotism, perhaps. Virginia has little respect, Mr. Francis, for the man who turns a deaf ear to her call for help.

RALPH. The fact that I'm not wearing a uniform is not sufficient proof of my lack of patriotism.

VIRGINIA. The subject is not worthy the discussion. If that is all—(*turns as if to go.*)

RALPH. It isn't all. I repeat that I am here to offer you whatever help and whatever material assistance I can. (*Crosses to table.*)

VIRGINIA. Then Mr. Francis, I must acknowledge the generosity of the offer. In the name of the family I must thank you; for even if we cannot accept, we are grateful for the thought. Will you take my hand? (*Comes from behind table and offers hand.*)

RALPH (*rushing to her*). Oh, Virginia Virginia! If you will only say so, we will go far away and forget this war. I'll give you jewels, beautiful things—all that you may dream of, all that money can buy. Forget it all. Come! Come! (*Catches her hands.*)

VIRGINIA (*struggling*). Let me go! How dare you? How dare you?

RALPH. I dare do everything—now. Do you suppose I came to offer you help with no thought of reward? Would I be likely to spend my hard-earned dollars for the relief of the southern aristocracy that has looked upon me with scorn and treated me with contempt?

VIRGINIA (*freeing herself*). Hush! I have only to lift my voice and my father would strike you to the earth. Marry *you?* Why, I'd rather die a thousand times. Marry *you?* Life would hold no greater humiliation, no greater disgrace. Oh, you've reckoned wrong, Mr. Francis, for to a Virginia woman there are some things more precious than money, than jewels—and those things are courage, manliness, chivalry and nobility of soul. (*Crosses to back of chair R. of C.*)

RALPH (*sneeringly*). Privation and despair will drive you to me yet. The lover that gave you up so easily is not likely to return, and—(*advances*).

VIRGINIA (*proudly*). Will you go? (*She points to door.* RALPH *hesitates, then turns and leaves the room at C. in F.* VIRGINIA *sinks into the chair R. of C., puts her head on her arms.*)

Enter MADGE, *C. in F. She stands looking after* RALPH.

MADGE (*rushing to* VIRGINIA). Virginia, what has that man been saying to you? How dare he come here—how dare he? (*Seats herself on right arm of chair.*)

VIRGINIA. Madge, isn't it enough that we women should endure hardships without suffering the humiliation of insult?

MADGE. What did he say?

VIRGINIA. He came with the offer of help for us in our extremity—

MADGE. And in return?

VIRGINIA. He asked for—me.

MADGE (*rising*). Virginia, today we moved out of the big house into the overseer's cottage—the only thing that is left to us. (*Goes to chair L. 2 E.*)

VIRGINIA. Madge—

MADGE (*seating herself*). It doesn't take long to tell the story. No one to work the plantation—the loss of everything—absolute want—and the borrowing of money from this man.

VIRGINIA. Ah, Madge, why did you do it?

MADGE. Father did it, and since father is gone we are helpless. Today the climax came. He moved in—we moved out.

VIRGINIA. Madge—I'm sorry.

MADGE (*raising hand*). Don't pity me. I don't need it, you don't need it—for we're thoroughbreds, both of us, and there's something—inside—that makes us rise above it all.

VIRGINIA. I wish I might, Madge, but sometimes—

MADGE (*sympathetically*). I know—I understand.

VIRGINIA. I've never seen him, Madge, since that day, three years ago. I do not even know if he is living.

MADGE (*leaning forward*). Listen, Virginia. I saw Peyton today.

VIRGINIA (*rising*). Madge, you're *sure*—you're sure?

MADGE. Sure; 'twas only a glance as he rode by, but enough to satisfy me.

VIRGINIA. Oh, Madge, how did he look? How—(*moves swiftly to* MADGE.)

MADGE. 'Twas only a glance I had. Isn't it enough to know that he is here?

VIRGINIA. He has come back—but why? (*Walks to back of chair.*)

MADGE. The Union forces are massed at Culpepper and destiny has brought him to his native soil.

VIRGINIA (*to herself*). The thread of destiny—he said it would bring him back to me.

MADGE (*turning her head*). And what are you going to tell him?

VIRGINIA. What can I say—but what I said before?

MADGE (*rising*). Are you sure, Virginia? This war should have taught us many things—among them, charity. Our foes are noble ones—we must acknowledge it; and if the verdict goes against us, I for one shall accept it with the belief that whatever *is*, is best. Oh, Virginia, I want to see a peaceful land, I want to be in the midst of a happy people—and most of all, I want to live under one flag!

VIRGINIA. Madge!

MADGE. Life is too short for useless separation, Virginia. Love is too precious to barter for a mistaken duty. Think of what I tell you and forget what that man has said to you today. For some day retaliation will come, and I ask no greater boon than that I may have a part in bringing him to destruction and defeat.

Enter SALLY ANN *and* LAURA LEE, *C. in F. They rush to* VIRGINIA.

SALLY. Virginia, does your father know that Grant is

marching toward Richmond—that our men are massing in the Wilderness?

VIRGINIA (*excitedly*). Oh, I'll tell him. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

MADGE. And I'll be hurrying home. (*To* LAURA.) Stay with Virginia—can't you, girls. She needs you. (*Exit C. in F.*)

LAURA (*calling after her*). We'll stay. Come, Sally Ann. (*They mount the stairs. Exeunt L. U. E.*)

Enter COLONEL *and* MRS. MONTGOMERY, *R. U. E. They cross slowly to C.*

COLONEL. Just a few moments for farewell, Charlotte; but now that they have come, I can think of no last words to say. (*Draws chair R. of C. for her.*)

MRS. M. (*seating herself*). Why should we? We have lived them all our lives. But, someway, it has never seemed so hard to let you go.

COLONEL (*at back of chair*). Think of the meeting, Charlotte—not of the farewell. Think of the furlough that is coming to me—the furlough that will mean rest—home —and—you! (*Puts arm around her shoulder.*)

MRS. M. (*sighing*). Oh, John, life is so full of partings—

COLONEL. That end in meetings, dear—even, as boy and girl, we'd say goodbye in the old garden and count the moments until we met again.

MRS. M. The old garden—the garden of youth. Then (*thoughtfully*) the flowers were gay and many-colored—bright marigolds, sweet mignonette, gorgeous verbena, and —sweetest of all, John—lad's love.

COLONEL (*softly*). The garden of later days had its rosemary of remembrance, dear—its bit of rue, perhaps—but we planted the flowers of hope, of love and service, and they have comforted us with their bloom and their fragrance.

MRS. M. And now, John, when the gaily-colored blossoms have gone, when the sky is dark and threatening, when there is rain instead of sunshine, we have—heartease.

COLONEL. Charlotte, some way the courage has gone out

of me. I feel old—and stricken. (*Crosses and sinks in chair R. 2 E.; takes hat from table.*)

Mrs. M. (*rising*). Never that. You are a soldier—Virginia's soldier—the man who has always borne the shield of honor and the sword of courage. (*Crosses and puts hand on his shoulder.*)

Colonel (*stands and puts arms about her*). The shield of honor—the sword of courage! You have given them to me, Charlotte. You have embodied the truest, the noblest and the best that life has had to offer. Come, let us watch the sunset together. (*They walk slowly and stand before window.*) For the last time, perhaps—who knows? Who fears? For death cannot conquer love—nor eternity. See (*he points*), the glorious hues have faded into the paler, fainter tints—only a suggestion of the former glory. I'll carry away the memory of it—and the glow and radiance will put new life in me—will help me to say—goodbye. (*Kisses her.*)

Mrs. M. (*turning*). Good bye, John. I'll watch from the window—and my heart will follow you. (*Ascends steps.* Colonel *watches her, then goes out C. in F. Stage clear for a few moments, then* Laura Lee *comes down steps.*)

Laura (*crossing to chair R. 2 E. and seating herself*). I'll sit here for awhile; maybe I can cheer up a bit. Oh, I'm so lonesome—so lonesome—so tired of it all. It seems almost wicked to wish for a little fun, and yet I do. (*Rises.*) Well, I'll light the lamp. I wish it were like Aladdin's lamp and I could get my wish just by rubbing it. I believe I'd wish for—a man—a real man. (*She hastily lights lamp and holds it high as*—)

John *enters, C. in F.*

John (*coming forward*). You?

Laura. Yes, I! Why shouldn't it be? Were you looking for—some one else? (*Puts lamp on table.*)

John (*in a daze*). To think—after all these years—it should be—you!

Laura. I don't see why that is surprising? Why shouldn't it be—myself?

JOHN. I've come back!

LAURA. Come *back!* When I didn't know you started. (*Aside.*) Oh, he's crazy—quite crazy. Some poor, half-starved Yank, I reckon.

JOHN. You surely haven't forgotten? (*Comes nearer.*)

LAURA (*hastily*). No. Oh—a—its just slipped my mind.

JOHN. That April day—down by the hedge—I was going to war—

LAURA (*aside*). It's best to humor them, they say. (*To* JOHN.) I remember. You looked so brave in your new uniform and your new sword. And as you rode away on your prancing steed—

JOHN. That isn't it at all. You've mixed me with somebody else.

LAURA. Oh, no, I haven't; I've just mixed somebody else with you.

JOHN. I wasn't riding.

LAURA (*quickly*). Then you must have been walking. I always did get the cavalry and the infantry confused. (*Aside.*) Oh, I wish he'd go. I'm frightened. (*Draws back.*)

JOHN (*sorrowfully*). Why, I've thought of you all these years—just as I saw you last. I've dreamed of meeting you again, and—now you've forgotten.

LAURA. I can't help it; really I can't. It—it runs in the family.

JOHN (*aside*). Oh, I begin to understand. Her mind has left her. All this trouble has crazed her brain. Oh, how sad it is. So young, so fair—and so utterly demented! (*Looks sorrowfully at her.*)

LAURA (*aside*). Why does he look at me that way? (*In terror.*) I don't know what to do.

JOHN (*aside*). I'll try her again. (*To* LAURA.) I'm John Merivale Morton.

LAURA (*politely*). Oh, yes; to be sure. I'm certainly glad to meet you. (*Aside.*) I'll try to be calm and natural.

JOHN (*repeating*). John—Merivale—Morton.

LAURA. It's—it's a very pretty name. (JOHN *walks to L. of stage.*)

JOHN (*aside*). No go. Let's see; sometimes a gesture, a mere word will bring to the darkened mind a ray of intelligence. (*Suddenly.*) I'll act it out. (*Looks nervously around, spies the hassock, brings it near, seats himself on it, takes imaginary plate and pretends to eat.*)

LAURA (*aside, in horror*). Oh, he thinks he's an animal. They often do; and I reckon it's better to pretend to understand. (*Reaches out and pats him on the head.*) Nice doggie! (*Jumps back.*)

JOHN (*jumping up*). Great heavens! It's worse than I expected; and yet—and yet she looks intelligent and (*gazes steadfastly at her*), it seems that she ought to understand.

LAURA (*nervously*). I think he's going to bite. (JOHN *walks R. of C.*)

JOHN (*aside*). Maybe she'll remember waving to me. (*Waves frantically.*)

LAURA (*with relief*). Oh, must you go—really?

SALLY ANN *appears on landing from L. U. E.*

LAURA. I'm sorry you must hurry, but I'm glad you could come even for a little while. Goodbye.

SALLY (*to herself*). It's John Merivale Morton. (*To* LAURA.) Laura, Lee, what are you doing down there with —that—man?

JOHN (*gazing up at her*). Good gracious! Another? Am I seeing double, or—oh, I can't be losing my mind. (*Seizing* LAURA.) You're here, aren't you? You're not up there. I just thought you were. Didn't I? (*Looking up.*) Oh, you are—

SALLY (*descending*). Laura Lee, go right up stairs this minute.

LAURA (*crossing to stairs*). Oh, Sally Ann, it's a crazy Yank—and I want to stay.

SALLY (*sternly*). A crazy Yank! Indeed you shan't stay. I'll attend to him.

LAURA (*coaxingly*). Oh, Sally Ann; please. Even if he is crazy, he's a man—and I haven't seen a man for so long.

SALLY (*at bottom of stairs*). You're not going to see

him now. Don't you ask me why. I have reasons of my own. Quick, now—up stairs! (LAURA *ascends stairs.*)

LAURA (*leaning over stairway*). Please, Sally Ann—just this once.

SALLY (*sternly*). Are you going? (*Exit* LAURA *at L. U. E.*) Oh, John Merivale Morton, is it really you?

JOHN. That's the question I should be asking you. Heavens, what a fool I've made of myself. Why didn't you tell me you had a twin sister? (*Goes to her.*)

SALLY (*tossing her head*). In the brief space allotted to our acquaintance, there was no time for family revelations. (*Crosses to table R. 2 E.*)

JOHN. And you've never told of our meeting?

SALLY. Never. You inferred that I couldn't keep a secret. I chose to prove that I could.

JOHN. And you're still my Sally Ann? (*Follows her.*)

SALLY. I'm Sally Ann all right. But as yet no personal pronoun has been prefixed to my name.

JOHN. You haven't forgotten?

SALLY. What a silly question. Just like a man. How could I forget?

JOHN (*rapturously*). Sally Ann!

SALLY (*quickly*). When I had a pin to remind me.

JOHN. And you've worn it—

SALLY. Every day.

JOHN (*eagerly*). You wore it—for—me?

SALLY (*carelessly*). For convenience—mostly.

JOHN. Sally Ann, I said I'd come back to you.

SALLY. So you did. But men don't always mean what they say. (*Slyly.*) Neither do women.

JOHN. Didn't you mean what you said to me?

SALLY. I can't remember that I committed myself to you in any way.

JOHN. Your eyes did. (*Comes closer.* SALLY *quickly crosses to L. 2 E.*)

SALLY. I'm not responsible for my eyes. Taking care of my tongue keeps me busy. (*Turns.*) Look here, John Merivale Morton, you've been so busy asking me questions

that I haven't had a chance at you. Now what are you doing in this particular part of the country?

JOHN. Doesn't the fact that the Union forces are massing in Virginia explain my presence?

SALLY. And in this particular house?

JOHN. Stopped by—to get something to eat.

SALLY (*in disgust*). Hungry *again?* Is life nothing to you but an eternal quest for food?

JOHN (*seriously*). Life—for three years—has been nothing but a quest—for you.

SALLY. Prettily said, Yankee Doodle, but rather impractical.

JOHN. Impractical. *Why,* Dixie?

SALLY. Because the great quest of your section of the country is that of plunder, pillage and devastation.

JOHN. It's the fortunes of war. (*Crosses to her.*)

SALLY (*returning to table at R.*). Fortunes of war. What a well worn phrase. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. Well, if you reckon you're going to get anything to eat here, you'll get fooled.

JOHN. Wait till I ask you for something, you impersonation of southern hospitality. (*Stands back of chair R. of C.*)

SALLY. This isn't my house and I haven't any right or desire to be hospitable. And if you're discovered here you'll be about as popular as a rattlesnake.

JOHN (*with decision*). Well, I'm not going yet. I've waited three years to see you—

SALLY. And you're waiting now, I reckon, until you lay eyes on some southern officer that may come riding by.

JOHN (*eagerly*). Is there likely to be one here, Sally Ann—in this house?

SALLY (*tauntingly*). Getting scared, aren't you? Well, he'll make *you* see stars.

JOHN (*advancing to table*). Stars—and stripes. It's what every good soldier of Uncle Sam sees—always, Sally Ann. (*Takes small U. S. flag from pocket.*)

SALLY. Stars and bars. It's what every soldier of Dixie

sees—always—John Merivale Morton. (*Gets Confederate flag from mantel.*)

JOHN (*gazing at flag*). The stars and stripes! The red of courage; the white of purity; the blue of loyalty.

SALLY (*at chair R. 2 E.*). The stars and bars—the flag of our Confederacy. It tells of a love that is courageous; a struggle that defies hardship; a spirit that conquers even defeat.

JOHN. And under your folds, oh, red, white and blue, there toils the mighty warrior in whose hands there lies the destiny of our nation. Sleepless, tireless, watchful, indomitable, great of soul, boundless in pity, idol of every soldier's heart—Ulysses S. Grant.

SALLY. And 'neath your ripples, oh flag of mine, there stands the hero of every loyal southerner. Dauntless in misfortune, noble in success, we place him on the pedestal of our faith, our loyalty, and our truest devotion—Robert E. Lee.

JOHN (*taking her hand*). Dear little southern girl, some day we'll stand together under one flag, and on that day there will be no North, no South, but the Union!

SALLY (*dropping in chair R. 2 E.*). Oh, do you think so, John Merivale Morton? Do you really think so? I'm so tired—so tired. (*Sounds of footsteps off stage.*) Hush! You must go. It isn't safe; it isn't. Oh, just to please me. Hurry! *Hurry!* (*Rises and pushes him toward door C. in F.*)

JOHN (*eagerly*). But I'll see you again?

SALLY. Yes; oh, yes. (*Still pushes him.*)

JOHN (*turning*). Tomorrow?

SALLY. Tomorrow. (*Exit* JOHN *C. in F.* SALLY *closes door after him.*)

LAURA LEE *appears on landing, R. U. E.*

LAURA. Has he gone?

SALLY. Well, I reckon he has. I settled him all right.

LAURA. Well, it took you a mighty long time to do it.

SALLY (*ascending stairs*). It takes time to do things thoroughly. (*Exeunt* SALLY *and* LAURA, *R. U. E.*)

Enter VIRGINIA, *who goes to chair at R. 2 E.;* EDITH, *who seats herself R. of C.;* BETTY, *who crosses to L. 2 E. and seats herself.*

BETTY (*sighing*). I just know that if all the bandages I've made were sewed together, it would reach from the North to the South pole.

EDITH. You ought to be proud of that feat. It isn't everybody that can encircle the globe so easily.

BETTY. Well, just to be sure, I'll make some more. (*All sew in silence.*)

VIRGINIA. I'm nervous tonight. I can't sew. I feel as if something were about to happen. (*Puts work basket on table.*)

EDITH (*soberly*). There are few days now, Virginia, in which something does not happen. (*Silence for a few minutes, whistle sounds off stage.*)

VIRGINIA (*rising*). Beverly! Lower the light, Betty. (BETTY *obeys. Whistle is repeated.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *descends the steps from R. U. E.* VIRGINIA *opens door.*)

Enter BEVERLY, *C. in F.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *rushes to him and embraces him.* VIRGINIA *closes door.*

MRS. M. Beverly! My boy—my boy! Oh, you're wounded!

BEVERLY. Nothing but a scratch, mother. I'm lucky to get off so well. The woods are full of Yanks and they've done their best to pepper me. (*Staggers to chair at L. 2 E.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *clings to him and stands back of chair.* VIRGINIA *brings hassock and sits before him.*)

EDITH (*hastening to him*). Beverly, you're faint—you're—(*stands R. of* BEVERLY.)

BEVERLY (*wearily*). Tired, Edith, oh so tired. If I could only sleep again. If I could wake to find the sunshine in my room and to feel the breeze in my face. (BETTY *brings a glass of wine to him.*) Sometimes I dream of it. (*He drinks.*) Thanks, little sister. (BETTY *puts glass on table and stands there.*) I'm better now; I really am; and I need my strength tonight more than I've ever needed it before. I've ridden since yesterday morning and I must reach the

southern lines. I must. Every crossroad is watched; but I'm going to get through—and you've got to help me!

MRS. M. Beverly, are conditions so hopeless—so—

BEVERLY. Everything is desperate—desperate. We have only our pride, our spirit and our bravery to keep us up. Oh, when I see the heroism of those half-starved fellows, I thank God that I am a southern man. And even were I to despair—to falter—I have only to look at that pathetic figure in the light of the campfire—that sleepless, intrepid hero that suffers in silence. (*With emotion.*) Oh, mother, I could die for Lee!

VIRGINIA (*holding his hand*). Rest—just for a moment, Beverly. You'll be all the better. We'll watch—we'll—

BEVERLY. Rest? I can't. There's a Yankee scout behind me. He's almost here, and I know that he is the bearer of important messages to Grant. I must have these dispatches. I must have them. Do you hear? (*Turning.*) Edith, you're clever, you're quick. I'm putting my hope in you. Will you do it?

EDITH (*turning aside*). I can't, Beverly—I can't. It's treachery to my country. You don't know what you're asking.

BEVERLY. Oh, but I do know, and I'm asking you to make this sacrifice—for me, Edith—for me. (*Pleadingly.*) Help me.

EDITH. Oh, I'll try; I'll try.

BEVERLY (*raising his hand*). Listen! Do you hear? He's coming. Don't let him ride by. (*Rises.*) I'll trust you, Edith. I'll *trust* you. (MRS. MONTGOMERY *draws him away.*) Yes, mother. Which way? (MRS. MONTGOMERY, BETTY, VIRGINIA *and* BEVERLY *ascend stairs. Exeunt L. U. E. Knocking at door C. in F.*)

EDITH (*at door*). Who is there?

SCOUT (*outside*). A Union soldier, who asks for a chance to rest himself and beast.

EDITH. A Union soldier! Then I make you thrice welcome. (*Opens door.*)

SCOUT (*on doorstep*). I hardly understand the welcome.

It is not customary for a southern home even of reputed hospitality to throw open its doors to me.

EDITH. But every southern home does not harbor a northern girl.

SCOUT. You mean (*leans forward*).

EDITH. That I am for your cause, heart and soul.

SCOUT. Whose home is this? (*Enters.*)

EDITH. My uncle's—Colonel Montgomery. (*He looks cautiously around.*) Don't be alarmed. We're alone. (*Closes door.*)

SCOUT (*at C.*). It is a hot-bed of rebellion.

EDITH (*standing R. of him*). Oh, it is—it is. Haven't I told you? Won't you believe me? Why, I cannot express how fearfully I've suffered under their taunts, their insinuations.

SCOUT. There's a son—(BEVERLY *appears from L. U. E. on landing of stairs.*)

EDITH. Yes, Beverly, the cleverest scout on the southern side.

SCOUT. There is a price on his head that most of us would risk a great deal to gain. (*Sternly*). I'll test that statement of your loyalty to the North. Has this son been here lately?

EDITH. I'll prove the statement of the loyalty you doubt. He has.

SCOUT. When?

EDITH. Today—not two hours ago.

SCOUT. Which way did he go?

EDITH (*crossing to window*). Down by the crossroads—across the river and directly east.

SCOUT (*coming close to her*). You're telling me the truth?

EDITH. I'm telling you the truth.

SCOUT. Could I catch him. (*Draws revolver.*)

EDITH. Not unless he has been in some way delayed. Put down your ugly toy and tell me—what I want to know. (*Advances to table down R.*)

SCOUT (*following*). What do you want to know? (*Lays down revolver on table and seizes her hands.*) Heavens,

but it's living again, to forget war and to hold the hands of a pretty girl.

EDITH (*drawing away her hands*). Tell me of our cause.

SCOUT. The war is almost over. We are steadily closing about the rebs, and after Virginia is battered down the day is ours. (*Leans on table;* EDITH *rests on arm of chair.*)

EDITH (*enthusiastically*). Oh, I'm proud to be a part of it all. I'm grateful that fate threw you my way tonight.

SCOUT. I should be riding on.

EDITH. And why?

SCOUT. They are waiting for me at headquarters.

EDITH. You must be very clever and brave, and, oh, I can well believe that they put all confidence in you. (*Looks admiringly at him.*)

SCOUT (*consciously*). They do. My mission tonight proves it.

EDITH. Is it wrong to tell me what it is? (*Leans forward and smiles at him.*)

SCOUT (*taking paper from pocket*). Look, little northern lady. Can you realize that this paper is to play a very important part in the Virginia campaign?

EDITH (*standing*). Oh, a dispatch—a real dispatch. Oh, how wonderful you are! May I see it? (*He hands her the paper. She drops her handkerchief. As he stoops to pick it up she seizes the revolver.*) Stand just where you are. With your permission, I'll keep this as a souvenir of our first, and, I trust, our last meeting.

SCOUT (*wildly*). You're a spy! (*Moves toward her.*)

EDITH. Stop! I can shoot perfectly well and my bullet usually reaches the spot for which I aim.

SCOUT. You give me the paper. You give it to me now, or, by heaven, you'll never live to give it to anyone else. (*Struggles with her.*)

BEVERLY (*leveling revolver*). Stop—this instant! (SCOUT *turns.*) And thank your lucky stars that I did not send a bullet through you. Here in Virginia we kill a man for laying a finger on a woman. (SCOUT *starts toward him.*)

Don't resist. It's no use. There's a squad of gray-coated men outside that are waiting for my signal. (*Descending.*) Take your life as a present from a Johnny Reb. Tell them at headquarters that you lost your dispatches. And ride now as if the devil were after you. Go, I say, or I shoot. (*They cover him with their revolvers.* EDITH *follows him outside door C. in F.*)

EDITH (*entering*). He's gone.

BEVERLY. Oh, Edith, you couldn't have done it unless you had cared—a little. (*Takes her in his arms.*)

EDITH. Cared a little? I say it, and I'm proud to say it, that I could have done it only for the man I love. (*Knocking at C. in F.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *and* VIRGINIA *rush down the stairs from R. U. E.* BEVERLY *and* EDITH *ascend stairs. Exeunt L. U. E.*)

VIRGINIA. I'll go, mother. (*Opens door, revealing* PEYTON *on the threshold.*) Peyton!

PEYTON. Virginia, oh Virginia! (*Speaking to those outside.*) Guard the house. I'll search within.

Enters PEYTON.

MRS. M. (*advancing*). Peyton, what does this mean?

PEYTON. Word has come to headquarters that a Confederate soldier is in the house and I have been ordered to search it. If you give me your word that there is no reason for my presence here, not a man shall cross the threshold.

MRS. M. And if I refuse?

PEYTON. Then I must force my entrance.

VIRGINIA (*scornfully*). And this is the way you come back to us—after three years? Pray when did your northern commanders decree war upon women?

PEYTON. Never, I hope—never. Oh, you know I'm doing my duty. These hard years must have shown you that military discipline forces us to repress many things that we long to do.

MRS. M. I understand. You are free to make the search. (*Comes to chair R. 2 E.*)

VIRGINIA. Mother, how can you? (*Advances.*) Stop!

You are *not* free to make the search. You northerners are not masters yet. I yield to no foreign authority under my roof. (*Bars his passage to stairway.*)

PEYTON. Then, as much as I regret to say it, I am forced to make my investigations without your permission. (*To* MRS. MONTGOMERY.) The downstairs first, Mrs. Montgomery?

MRS. M. The downstairs first. (*Exit* PEYTON, *R. U. E.* BEVERLY *appears L. U. E., makes his way quietly down the steps when* PEYTON *reappears at R. U. E.*)

PEYTON (*leveling revolver*). Halt! You are my prisoner. (*As he recognizes him.*) Beverly!

BEVERLY. Peyton! (MRS. MONTGOMERY *starts forward,* VIRGINIA *stands at stairway.*)

PEYTON. After all these years, to meet you here, in this way. (*Bitterly.*) Fate might have spared me this.

BEVERLY. Fate isn't particular about the blows she deals us, Peyton. I've found that out. You've caught me fairly, and I give myself up without resistance.

MRS. M. (*laying hand on* PEYTON'S *arm*). Peyton, you won't—you can't! (*Crosses to* BEVERLY.)

BEVERLY (*putting arms about her*). Mother, not a word. My personal safety is not to be weighed against Peyton's honor as a soldier.

PEYTON. Beverly, your scout work has done much harm to our cause. Do you realize the consequences of your capture?

BEVERLY. Absolutely, and I'm ready, old fellow.

PEYTON. For three years I've never gone on the battlefield without the dread of meeting you; but I would rather have come face to face with you than to know that I must hand my best friend over to—uncertainty.

BEVERLY. Put aside the idea of our friendship, Peyton. You know that I'm surer of that than of anything in the world. Now we are but two men, each with a different cause, and your cause demands the sacrifice of your personal feelings. As I said before, I'm ready.

PEYTON (*advancing to door C. in F., opening it and speaking off stage*). Sergeant, will you take the men to

the front door of the house and guard it closely? If there is a soldier hidden here he may attempt to escape by that way. This is the only door on this side, and I'm watching it. (*Returns to* BEVERLY *after closing door.*)

BEVERLY (*eagerly*). Peyton, what do you mean?

PEYTON. Beverly, where is your horse?

BEVERLY. Down in the hollow.

PEYTON. Listen. There is a guard at the bridge. Cross at the shallow place farther down. Once over, keep off the road. (*To* MRS. MONTGOMERY.) Since my search in one room was unsatisfactory, Mrs. Montgomery, with your permission I'll try another.

MRS. M. (*taking his hand*). Peyton, I cannot tell you what this means to me—how I love you for it.

PEYTON. Oh, did you think I could sever all the ties of the past? (*To* BEVERLY.) Why, Beverly, I'd rather die a thousand times than to be the means of your capture—and death. I'd rather risk the name of traitor to my cause than to be false to my friendship. War has taken many things that will never come back to me. It has given me much that I needed to make a man of me. But it shall never force me to betray my friend.

BEVERLY (*with emotion*). Peyton! (*They clasp hands. Exit* PEYTON, *L. 2 E.*) I'll fire three shots when I'm over the river. And I'll come back, mother. I'll come back. (*Hastily kisses his mother and* VIRGINIA *and goes out door C. in F.* VIRGINIA *closes door.*)

MRS. M. Virginia, sometimes pride is a stumbling block. At the beginning of the war we were all impulsive. Many things of small import seemed great to us. But in these crises of suffering and death we have learned that all that endures, all that is worth while, is—love. Ponder on what I've said, dear, and do what you think best. (*Ascends stairs. Exit L. U. E.*)

Enter RALPH *from door at C. in F. and stands in background, unseen by* VIRGINIA. *Enter* PEYTON *from L. 2 E. Three shots are fired off stage.*

VIRGINIA (*clasping her hands*). Oh, he's across. Pey-

ton, Peyton, we can never thank you enough for this. (*Comes to him as he stands at L. 2 E.*)

PEYTON. I don't want your thanks, Virginia. I ignored the duty to my country and allowed Beverly to escape—not for you, but because he is my friend.

VIRGINIA. Will you take my hand and try to understand? (*Holds out hand.*)

PEYTON. Do you realize that I'm still a northern soldier—your enemy?

VIRGINIA. Sometimes miracles happen in a moment. Often we realize in a flash that we've been stubborn, and proud, and, oh, so blind.

PEYTON (*taking hand*). Dear, don't think you must humble yourself in this way because I've done this service to your brother.

VIRGINIA. Humble myself? I have exalted myself, for a wonderful knowledge has come to me suddenly. (*Clings to him.*) Oh, it's been such a long, bitter time—the suffering, the waiting, the anxiety. I'm not strong enough to go through it again without you, Peyton.

PEYTON. But I haven't changed, Virginia. I'm still loyal to my cause.

VIRGINIA. And I am still true to my South.

PEYTON. Then you can—forget?

VIRGINIA. I can forget. I have forgotten. For as we stand here together, the fighting, the struggle seem very far away, and there is no one in the wide world, Peyton, but you.

PEYTON (*taking her in his arms*). Oh, Virginia, Virginia! Life is very sweet again. All the sweeter for the bitterness. And just as we have learned our lesson, this nation of ours will be the better and greater for its struggle. Destiny has brought me back to you, dear; just as I said it would. (*Pause.* RALPH *laughs.* PEYTON *turns suddenly and lifts his revolver.*) How dare you?

RALPH (*advancing*). Put up your weapon. I came here on business—with Miss Montgomery. Evidently my knock was not heard.

VIRGINIA. Will you go, Peyton? I ask it as a favor.

PEYTON. Virginia, what right has this fellow to force himself upon you?

VIRGINIA. None whatever. It's business—only business —and you'll go? (*Pushes him to door.*)

PEYTON. I'll go. (*Turning at door C. in F.*) Good-night, Virginia.

VIRGINIA. Good night, Peyton. (*Exit* PEYTON, *C. in F., closing door after him.*)

RALPH (*sneering*). Quite like a melodrama, isn't it? Sorrowing heroine is comforted by dusty hero—arriving in nick of time. Wedding march—orange blossoms—and they lived happily ever after. (*Laughs.*)

VIRGINIA. This is insufferable. A base advantage to take of a girl whose father and brother are not here to protect her.

RALPH. You need no protection. All you need to do is —to name the day. (*Seats himself in chair R. of C.*)

VIRGINIA. I bid you goodnight, Mr. Francis. (*Starts to ascend stairs.*)

RALPH (*rising*). Not yet, fair lady. Not yet. Listen to me. (VIRGINIA *shakes head.*) Oh, yes, you will. Didn't I tell you that the game was not over?

VIRGINIA (*quickly*). What do you mean?

RALPH. Peyton Bailey was here tonight to capture a Confederate soldier. The Confederate soldier proved to be your brother—and he was allowed to escape.

VIRGINIA. Well.

RALPH. I alone heard Peyton say that he ignored the duty to his country. I alone saw Beverly go. Do you know how the army punishes such carelessness? (*Pauses.*) By death!

VIRGINIA. You wouldn't dare—

RALPH. Oh, wouldn't I? I dare anything to win you. And if I can't do it by fair means, I'll do it by foul. Do you understand my meaning?

VIRGINIA (*proudly*). I do not.

RALPH (*threateningly*). Then listen. Unless I have your promise to marry me, I shall immediately inform headquarters of the little drama that was played here tonight. You

are the only one who can save your lover from something worse than death—disgrace.

VIRGINIA (*beseechingly*). Oh, you wouldn't do it, Mr. Francis—you wouldn't. Think of all we've suffered—of Peyton's love for Beverly—oh, he couldn't betray him. Oh, I beg you to be generous. I'll do anything for you. (*Lays hand on his arm.*)

RALPH (*quickly*). Oh, will you? Then marry me.

VIRGINIA (*flinching*). Oh, I cannot—I cannot—anything but that. Is there no other way?

RALPH. There is no other way. (VIRGINIA *hesitates, goes toward R.*)

VIRGINIA (*to herself*). Oh, Peyton! Peyton! And I thought we were to be so happy! (*Pause.*) I will marry you, Mr. Francis. (*He starts to speak.*) No, not a word. Go! (RALPH *hesitates and leaves the room at C. in F.* VIRGINIA *seats herself R. of C., stage is quiet for a few minutes. Then a voice is heard off stage.*)

VOICE. The Colonel fell. They're bringing him home.

VIRGINIA (*screaming*). Oh, oh! (*Rushes* out.)

MRS. MONTGOMERY *enters at L. U. E., descends stair and comes slowly to center stage; stands there motionless. Enter* UNCLE BILLY *at C. in F. with* COLONEL'S *sword.*

BILLY (*handing her the sword*). Marse John—he done got he furlough. (*She takes sword and bows her head upon it.*)

CURTAIN.

Act III

Scene: *Yard of the Montgomery home. Full stage; landscape drop. Set trees down R. and L. Entrances R. U. E., R. 2 E., L. U. E., L. 2 E. Rope swing R. of C. Stump of tree R. 2 E. Bench L. 2 E.*

[*If practicable there may be a porch down L., with steps. In this case the entrance R. 2 E. becomes a practical door, although R. U. E. remains an entrance.*]

At rise stage is well illumined, since it is afternoon. Discovered, Betty, *in swing, shelling peas.*

Betty (*calling*). Mammy!

Mammy (*off stage*). What you wan', honey?

Betty. Will one pan of peas be enough?

Mammy (*off stage*). I reckon 'twill ef no uns'pected company comes stragglin' in.

Betty. Company? Why, Mammy, you know that we haven't had company for oh, ever so long.

Mammy (*appearing L. 2 E.*). Mebbe not fusted quality folks, but ef dis ain't a restin' place foh ebery Tom, Dick an' Harry dat comes down de pike, den my name ain't Dinah. Hand 'em hyar, honey.

Enter Tom, *R. U. E.*

Mammy. Well ef dar ain't Marse Tom.

Tom (*at R. U. E.*). May I come in for awhile?

Betty (*turning her head*). Oh, Tommy, Tommy! How you have changed! Three years ago you never would have said that—you would have come in of your own accord. (*Exit* Mammy *L. 2 E.*).

Tom (*coming down R.*). But that was three years ago, Betty, and going through purgatory sort of takes the starch out of a fellow. Do you mean to say that I was once young enough and festive enough to gambol o'er this green? I don't believe you. (*Sits on stump.*)

Betty. Think very hard now. Don't ghosts of all the maids you flirted with rise up and jog your memory?

TOM. Even such a memory as that may prove false when one is flirting with death.

BETTY (*sighing*). Don't, Tom—don't.

TOM. And you mean to tell me that I once ate fried chicken, hot biscuits and blackberry jam? Go 'long, Betty. Why, many's the time I've wept my eyes out for a hunk of hard tack.

BETTY. Poor old Tom—

TOM. Sometime in the prehistoric ages I may have had more than one suit of clothes and one shirt, but I doubt it. As to dancing, I've just been one of the many, Betty, who have shaken their feet in this awful dance of death.

BETTY. And you're going back to it all?

TOM. Going back as soon as I can. I used to say I'd return a brigadier general, didn't I? Instead I roll back in an ambulance with no honorable wounds to display; no mutilated stump to wave; only a disgusting and uninteresting attack of fever. Hard luck! (*Sighs.*)

BETTY. The war isn't over yet. Maybe you'll have some thrilling encounter that will emblazon your name on the roll of fame.

TOM. Nothing like that coming my way. I reckon the Lord is depriving me of all emoluments of glory because he knows I'm a dissipated character and not fit even to run the risk of dying.

BETTY (*laughing*). That sounds like the old Tom.

Enter MAMMY, *L. 2 E.*

MAMMY. Honey, s'posin' you take Marse Tom into de garden, an' atter awhile I'll fetch you somethin' nice an' cool to drink.

BETTY (*rising*). Shall we, Tom? (*Sadly.*) Tho' it's not the old garden in which you used to frolic with your retinue of girls. (*Hands pan of peas to* MAMMY.)

TOM (*rising*). Girls—girls. Where are the girls of yesterday?

BETTY. Oh, Tom, I can answer that question only by another. Where are the boys that used to be?

TOM (*taking her hands*). Some day we'll all come back

to each other, Betty. Some day, when the smoke of battle clears away. Think of the time we've lost and the fun we've forfeited. (*To* MAMMY.) Mammy, hurry up with your nice cool drink, for we're going to toast the piping times of peace, Betty—the piping times of peace. (*Exeunt* TOM *and* BETTY, *R. 2 E.*)

MAMMY (*walking to R. U. E.*). Praise de Lawd—dat de fust real laugh dat chile gib since Marse John went away. Mebbe de good times comin' arter all. (*Peers out.*) Huh! Ef dar ain't dat Miss Melissy trailin' 'long de pike. An' hyar I jes' sayin' dat mebbe de good times am comin'.

Enter MISS MELISSY, *R. U. E.*

MELISSY. Good morning, Dinah.

MAMMY. Mawnin'. (*Hurries to bench at L. 2 E., followed by* MISS MELISSY.)

MELISSY. I'm fairly reveling in the charms of nature, Dinah. (*Holds out flower.*) Who says spring isn't here?

MAMMY. Ain't heerd nobody say 'tain't. (*Seats herself on bench L. 2 E.*)

MELISSY (*clasping her hands*). Such a day to meditate —to dream—

MAMMY. Folks what got wu'k to do ain't got no business dreamin' an' meditatin'.

MELISSY. I'll sit here by you, Dinah (MAMMY *moves reluctantly*), for since Uncle Sam has freed you colored people you're just as good as anybody else. (*Seats herself.*)

MAMMY. Dinah jes the same as she always been. 'Mancipation proklimation or no 'mancipation proklimation. (*Shells peas vigorously.*)

MELISSY. Why don't you go up north, Dinah—you and Billy—now that the Colonel's gone—

MAMMY. Go up north—leave Mis' Charlotte? Miss Melissy, yo' doan un'erstan' de niggers; an' ef yo' say much mo' I ain't 'sponsible for bein' disrespeckful. (*Turns her back.*)

MELISSY. There, now. I didn't mean to vex you. Really, it seems these days one can't find a safe subject to talk about. You Southerners are so touchy.

MAMMY. Dar's one subjeck we doan' mind—de weather. Go on an' talk some mo' 'bout de spring bein' hyar an'—(MRS. MONTGOMERY *behind scenes sings a verse of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern song.*)

MELISSY. Who is that? (*Turns her head.*)

MAMMY. Why dat' Mis' Charlotte.

MELISSY. And the Colonel dead barely two months. It doesn't seem quite decent. (*Shakes her head and sighs.*)

MAMMY (*turning*). De Colonel—dead! Dar ain' no sich word, Miss Melissy. Marse John not gone 'way. He wid us ebery time we t'ink ob him. De folks we lub nebber die—dey jes lib on—an' on in our hearts.

MELISSY. Mercy, how spooky you are. It makes me shiver. (*Shivers.*)

MAMMY. Den yo' bes' be movin' on. Dinah ain't got no time to be talkin' no way.

MELISSY. You're kept pretty busy now, aren't you? It must be a great trial to all the Montgomerys to have that wounded Yank to care for.

MAMMY. I notice none ob de Yanks wanter take 'im.

MELISSY. By *that,* Dinah, I suppose you mean me. (*Coquettishly.*) Well, I didn't care to run the risk of the man falling in love with me. Wounded soldiers are so susceptible and it might have caused all kinds of trouble.

MAMMY. Trouble fo' him, dat's sho'. You needn't a-worried 'bout Marse John. He got de eye fo' de thoroughbreds, he has. (*Laughs insinuatingly.*)

MELISSY. Mr. Beverly is home on a furlough, isn't he? Well, I should think it's about time to stop his wild performances and settle down with his mother. (*No answer from* MAMMY.) Betty's losing out on looks, isn't she? 'Tisn't likely she'll ever marry now. (*Silence as* MAMMY *slings peas viciously into pan.*) Everybody's talking of course about Virginia's engaging herself to that Ralph Francis. There was a time when the Montgomery's wouldn't look at him. But *now.* (*Smiles.*) Well, money does help, of course, and this plantation is pretty well run down at the heels. They do say, too, that young Bailey jilted her mighty soon after she behaved so ridiculously—

just because he went into the Union army. (*Silence as* MAMMY *sits with clenched hands.*) I've always said that this Southern aristocracy business is a little far-fetched and overdone. (*Silence as* MAMMY *turns and glowers at her.*) Give *me* the northern common sense and democratic spirit—the desire to arise, to forge ahead—

MAMMY (*rising and speaking furiously*). Dat jes' what I wan' yo' to do—rise an' fo'ge ahead—and keep on fo'gin' till you git plumb out o' sight. I'se a Montgome'y, I is, an' de Montgome'ys is blue blood; but I reckon de Lawd'll fergive me dis once ef I bust de laws of hospitality an' start yo' goin'. Go on now, you meddlin' pervaricatin' ole maid—yo'—

MELISSY (*rising*). How dare you talk to me that way? How dare you? Emancipation proclamation indeed! I am sorry it's been issued. I wish we were back in the times of slavery—good hard slavery, too—for what you need is a hundred lashes, you impudent black creature. Boast of your high and mighty Montgomerys if you wish; but mark my words, their downfall isn't far off. You may think that Viriginia's marriage will bring dollars into your empty pocketbook, but there's many a slip, and that pretty little Kentucky girl seems to have no trouble in holding Ralph Francis. (*Laughs.*) Won't it be a fine story for the public if the fair Virginia is jilted by two lovers? (*Sneeringly.*) Blue blood indeed! It loses a little of its color when associated with the white feather. Good morning! (*Exit R. U. E.* MAMMY *stands looking after her, then shrugs her shoulders and leaves the stage L. 2 E.*)

Enter RALPH *and* LOUISE, *R. U. E. They come slowly down C.*

LOUISE (*looking around*). The estate begins to show the ravages of neglect and poverty. Too bad that destruction must be a part of war.

RALPH. All will be repaired upon my marriage to Miss Montgomery. I've always desired this plantation, always longed to have the management of it. The dream together with other ambitions is about to be realized.

LOUISE (*standing at front of stage*). If affairs pass into your hands, success is assured. You seem to have the Midas touch when business matters are at stake.

RALPH (*by her*). I've been successful. I've had many things to goad me on.

LOUISE. And you've—won?

RALPH. I've won, over other people's failures.

LOUISE. This war has surely given you ample opportunity to increase your wealth.

RALPH. Undoubtedly. One cannot have to do with the financial side without either sinking or swimming.

LOUISE. And this financial side?

RALPH. Has meant the intimate knowledge of the resources—and works of the South.

LOUISE. Together with your sympathy for that section of the country?

RALPH. Not necessarily. I am not a Southerner by birth, nor has the South been so indulgent as to claim my allegiance. (*Suddenly.*) What is it, Miss Lawton? I am too shrewd a man not to know that you are seeking—information, shall I say?

LOUISE. And I am too shrewd a woman to deny the statement. I am being frank with you; and I would not be frank if I were not fairly sure of you as a man. Mr. Francis, I am in the employment of the federal government.

RALPH (*nodding*). I thought as much. What will you have of me?

LOUISE. Certain facts.

RALPH. And if I give them?

LOUISE. Sufficient remuneration.

RALPH. Well, then, first—

LOUISE (*in lowered tone*). Have you an idea of the supplies, the ammunition, the general condition of the Confederate army here in Virginia between the Wilderness and the city of Petersburg?

RALPH. I have.

LOUISE. Have you definite knowledge in regard to the city of Petersburg—its various approaches, its vantage grounds for attack?

RALPH. I lived there three years.

LOUISE (*impatiently*). You do not answer my question.

RALPH. Well, then, I have.

LOUISE. Thank you. Next, for what sum will you give this information to me?

RALPH. I must have time to consider.

LOUISE. Grant is marching on towards Petersburg; the time for consideration is brief.

RALPH. It is treachery to those with whom I am associated.

LOUISE (*smiling*). Treachery? For some people—not for you. Scruples at which others hesitate are not in your philosophy.

RALPH (*shaking his head*). It's too great a risk. I'll not do it.

LOUISE (*touching his arm*). Money is the only thing that may win Miss Montgomery; without it you have no chance, with it—well, what woman can withstand the lure of beautiful things?

RALPH (*yielding*). I must have time.

LOUISE. I'm waiting.

RALPH (*after a pause*). I'll do what you ask.

LOUISE. Very well. Later on I'll meet you—(*ponders*) well, *here*. 'Twill be safer. You will bring me a plan of Petersburg, its fortifications, its works, also the statistics I asked for. I'll give you a sum which we may agree upon in payment for—your scruples, we'll say. (*Exeunt* RALPH *and* LOUISE, *R. U. E.*)

Enter UNCLE BILLY, *L. U. E., pushing* JOHN *in a wheeled chair. Comes down C.*

JOHN. Slow, now. If you happen to injure my other knee, I'll be on your hands another month. Isn't this sunshine bully? There's nothing up north that can touch it. Thanks, Uncle Billy. You've been pretty good to this Yank, and he isn't going to forget it. (*Holds out hand.*)

BILLY (*shaking* JOHN'S *hand awkwardly*). Pshaw, Marse John, yo' can't help bein' a Yank. Anyway yo' reckon we let yo' die? Dat ain't like we-uns. Hyar yo'

book. (*Hands book.*) Take a snooze in dis sunshine, an' atter a while I come back fo' yo'. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

Enter SALLY ANN, *R. 2 E., with covered basket.* JOHN *whistles "Yankee Doodle."*

SALLY (*walking stiffly*). How dare you whistle that? I can't help keeping step—

JOHN. Any more than I can when you play Dixie.

SALLY. I'd like to see you keep step to anything now with that game knee.

JOHN. A rebel bullet wounded it.

SALLY. Well, then, I reckon all we can do is to save that particular knee and hang the rest of you. (*Stands to* JOHN'S *left.*)

JOHN (*curiously peering in basket*). What's this?

SALLY. Something to eat, of course. Why, John Merivale Morton, the very sight of you suggests eating. (*Hangs bonnet on chair.*)

JOHN. The deuce it does. Does it suggest nothing else?

SALLY. Course not. The memory of John Merivale Morton's ravenous appetite will linger with us long after he is forgotten.

JOHN. That's not nice. What is it today? (*Lifts edge of napkin.*)

SALLY. Custard. (*Pulls bench at L. 2 E. close to* JOHN'S *chair.*)

JOHN. You're awfully good to me, Sally Ann.

SALLY (*in a matter-of-fact tone*). Just as I'd be to any other soldier that came my way.

JOHN. Even if he were a Yank?

SALLY. Of course. It's such a splendid chance to learn to love my enemy.

JOHN. Am I your enemy? (*Takes her hands.*)

SALLY. John Merivale Morton, I'm talking biblically. Hands off, or you won't get this custard. (JOHN *drops her hands.*) Now, isn't that just like a man? He'd let go anything if it interfered with his eating.

JOHN. Did you want me to hold on?

SALLY Certainly not. Hold off is a better motto for you,

John Merivale Morton. (*Takes cup of custard from basket.*)

JOHN (*softly*). I wish I could tell you just how you look today.

SALLY. Don't try. My mirror told me much better than you can. (*Gives him a spoonful of custard.*) How do you like it?

JOHN (*rapturously*). Heavenly ambrosia from the hands of a heavenly being.

SALLY. Don't get sentimental. There are mighty few people who can indulge without being silly. (*Holds cup away from him.*)

JOHN (*in alarm*). Aren't you going to give me any more?

SALLY. Not until I discipline you a little. For every question satisfactorily answered, you receive as a reward a spoonful of the Fairfax unparalleled custard.

JOHN (*in resigned tone*). Hurry up, then. (*Sighs.*)

SALLY. First, doesn't the state of Virginia beat your old North all hollow? (*Waves spoon.*)

JOHN. In respect to blue skies, bright sunshine and adorable women she's unexcelled.

SALLY (*frowning*). You evaded my question, but what you said was pretty; so I reckon I'll let you have this. (*Gives him spoonful.*)

JOHN. Is that all?

SALLY. All! What kind of a teacher do you think I am?

JOHN (*leaning forward*). Shall I tell you?

SALLY (*hurriedly*). *Next!* Aren't the southern men the bravest soldiers in the world?

JOHN. They are indeed worthy foes to face.

SALLY. You're not playing fair, John Merivale Morton. You don't say right out what I want you to say. But I'll let it go this time. (*Feeds him.*)

JOHN. Sally Ann Fairfax, did you make this custard?

SALLY. Do you think I'd let anybody else make it—(*hesitates*) for you?

JOHN (*eagerly*). Sweetheart!

SALLY (*quickly*). *Next!* Haven't you been outclassed in many a battle?

JOHN (*angrily*). Well, I guess not. We—

SALLY (*interrupting*). And haven't you won your victories by superior numbers and all kinds of underhand tricks?

JOHN. Look here, Sally Ann, I won't take that, even from you. What can you say of Antietam, Shiloh, Memphis—

SALLY. Or Bull Run or Fredericksburg—

JOHN. Or Gettysburg, with its glorious victory for the stars and stripes!

SALLY. John Merivale Morton, I hate you—I hate you! (*Turns her back and moves to end of bench.*)

JOHN (*after a few moments' silence*). Sally Ann, in your manual of military tactics is there no such thing as a flag of truce? (SALLY ANN *shakes her head.* JOHN, *sadly.*) Can't you hoist one just long enough for me to finish this custard? (SALLY ANN *hides her face but lifts her handkerchief.*) Heavens! I didn't think you'd give in—honest, I didn't, or I never would have asked. (*Starts to get up.*) Hang this knee. I can't go to you, but you've got to tell me what's the matter.

SALLY (*putting head on back of bench*). Oh, John Merivale Morton, I'm so tired of fighting!

JOHN. Tired of fighting! Who isn't? And I'm tired of fooling, too, Sally Ann. Why, the thing in the world I want most is you. You know it; you wear my pin; and yet—

SALLY (*lifting her head*). Yet what?

JOHN. You keep me guessing.

SALLY. Then guess away and I'll tell you if you guess right. (*Turns half way round.*)

JOHN (*eagerly*). Do you mean it? (SALLY ANN *nods.*) Come here, Sally Ann Fairfax, you've got to come eventually, so you might as well do it now. (SALLY ANN *moves slowly toward him.*) Dear little Dixie, why do we worry over a North and a South so long as we are together? I love your land, I love your people, most of all I love you, and

the flag is big enough to float over both of us. (*Puts arms about her.*)

SALLY (*dropping head on his shoulder*). Oh, John Merivale Morton, you may whistle Yankee Doodle all you want to—

JOHN (*softly*). But I don't want to, for the most beautiful tune in all the world is Dixie!

Enter UNCLE BILLY, *L. 2 E. He coughs several times unheard and unseen by* JOHN *and* SALLY ANN.)

BILLY. Law, Marse Jack (SALLY ANN *jumps away from* JOHN), you all say yo' fightin' fo' de Yanks? Mebbe you am, but you am under de command of a gineral what wins mo' battles eben dan Marse Lee an' Marse Grant. Dis gineral ain't got no weapons but an arrow; he don' fly no flag, but he sho' do slay his ten thousands. An' jis as sho' as ole Billy sees you chillen jinin' han's an' fergittin' which am Reb an' which am Yank, jes so sho'ly am he gwine to look at a lan' whar dar ain't no norf, no souf, whar dar ain't no fightin', no brudder agin brudder, an' dat day he gwine shout "hallerlujah!"

JOHN (*reaching for* SALLY ANN'S *hand*). The war is over, Uncle Billy. We've signed the treaty; we've broken ranks.

SALLY (*rising*). And we'll all march forward while the band plays—(*pauses and whistles "Yankee Doodle." To this tune* UNCLE BILLY *wheels* JOHN *out R. U. E., preceded by* SALLY ANN.)

Enter PEYTON *and* GEORGE WASHINGTON, *R. U. E.*

GEORGE (*following* PEYTON *to L. 2 E.*). It sho' am lonesome at de big place, Marse Peyton. Ain't yo' ebah comin' back?

PEYTON. When the war is over, George Washington. Oh, we're planning to do many things when the war is over. (*Seats himself on bench at L. 2 E.*).

GEORGE. Am Mis' Jinny comin' back wid yo'?

PEYTON. No, George Washington—no.

GEORGE. Marse Peyton, it ain't none of my business, but am yo' gwine to let dat po' white trash carry her off?

PEYTON. George Washington, sometimes we come upon conditions which we do not understand.

GEORGE. Yo' reckon a good horse whippin' would help?

PEYTON. There, now; don't tempt me; and if you wish to do me a lasting service before I'm off again, find Miss Virginia and ask her to come here to me.

GEORGE. Marse Peyton, I—(*hesitates*).

PEYTON. Yes?

GEORGE (*hesitatingly*). Marse Peyton, I—

PEYTON. What's the matter, George Washington?

GEORGE (*sheepishly*). Marse Peyton—I gwine git—married.

PEYTON. Oh, that's what's troubling you. So the fair Fanny has given in after all these years of devotion?

GEORGE. No, she ain't. That's the onliest thing in de way.

PEYTON. Can't she be—persuaded?

GEORGE. Fanny sho' am upstarty, Marse Peyton; an' yo' goin' in de Yank ahmy nigh on to ruined my chances.

PEYTON. Then we're in the same boat, old fellow. Hurry on, now, and I shall stay around here until I go—for—(*to himself*) in some way I feel I may be needed.

GEORGE. Den de luck charms a-workin', Marse Peyton; it sho' am. (*Hurries to L. U. E. and turns.*) Fo' de Lawd I hope it done work on Fanny! (*Exit L. U. E.*)

Enter VIRGINIA, *L. U. E.*

VIRGINIA. Peyton, I just met George Washington and he sent me here. Don't make it so hard for me, dear. (PEYTON *rises.*)

PEYTON. Virginia, a man doesn't give up his happiness without a struggle. I cannot go back to—uncertainty—without a last plea. Tell me what it is that brings this man into your life. (*Leads her to bench L. 2 E.*)

VIRGINIA. Oh, Peyton, I can say only what I've said to you so many times. I cannot tell you why—I cannot tell you. (*Sits.* PEYTON *stands by her.*)

PEYTON. You will marry him when your love is given to me?

VIRGINIA. I will marry him—I have promised.

PEYTON. I can do nothing?

VIRGINIA. Oh, if you ask me a thousand times, I must still say, you can do nothing.

PEYTON. It sounds like a story of medieval times. What threat can this man hold over you? What mystery can there be that Beverly and I may not share?

VIRGINIA. Beverly does not know. At the time of father's death I couldn't tell him. I couldn't add to his burden.

PEYTON. And you send me away without hope?

VIRGINIA. There is no hope. (*Hides her face in her hands.*)

PEYTON. What kind of a man would I be if I allowed that to be the last word between us? Do you think that my love is so frail a thing that I cease to fight for it, even if I fight blindly against an unseen adversary? (*He goes slowly out toward R. U. E., then pauses.*) If you need me, Virginia—ever—I'll come to you. Will you remember? (VIRGINIA *nods. Exit R. U. E.*)

Enter MADGE, *R. 2 E.*

MADGE (*rushing to* VIRGINIA). I have no time for explanation; I cannot stop to parley. You must promise to do something for me—and you must do it.

VIRGINIA (*wearily*). I promise. There are so few things now, Madge, that I can do for anybody.

MADGE (*kneeling by her*). Then tell me *why* you are marrying Ralph Francis.

VIRGINIA. Not that, Madge—anything but that. (*Raises her hands in protest.*)

MADGE. You must! You must, I say! For I have every chance to thwart this man. I have every hope of bringing him to justice. Now will you tell me?

VIRGINIA (*eagerly*). You mean—

MADGE. That my knowledge of certain things may give me a hold on him that I may use to your advantage. You trust me, Virginia?

VIRGINIA. Oh, yes—yes!

MADGE (*seizing her hands*). Then tell me. I want to help you, and to do that I must know—

VIRGINIA. Then listen. Peyton captured Beverly—at our home—the night of father's death. He allowed him to escape. Mr. Francis watched and threatened. To save Peyton I promised to marry him.

MADGE (*rising*). That sacrifice will not be necessary. I feel that I will succeed. Why, I must succeed—I must. Thank you for telling me, dear. (*Kisses her.*) Trust me, and pray that I may have my way. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

Enter FANNY, *L. 2 E. Comes to* VIRGINIA'S *side.*

FANNY. Mis' Jinny, what you gwine to do wid dat blue dress ob yourn wid de ruffles and de frillies ob lace?

VIRGINIA. Why, nothing, Fanny. Would you like to have it?

FANNY (*giggling*). Now how you guess dat, Mis' Jinny? (*Moves to front of stage at C.*)

VIRGINIA. Just by mind reading.

FANNY. Dar wuz a hat—

VIRGINIA. You shall have that, too, if you'll tell me why you're planning all this elegance.

FANNY. Well—Miss Jinny. I reckon I gwine git married.

VIRGINIA. Really, Fanny? How lovely. Is it George Washington?

FANNY. Yas'm. Gawge Washin'ton 'bout ez good a nigger ez dey is.

VIRGINIA. You haven't been very nice to him, Fanny.

FANNY (*in pretended innocence*). Law, Mis' Jinny. What I done?

VIRGINIA. Why you quarrel with him continually.

FANNY (*shaking finger*). Dar now, Mis Jinny, you doan' know niggers. You reckon Gawge Washin'ton keep taggin' atter me ef I smile all de time an' let he know I like him? Not much.

VIRGINIA (*smiling*). Why wouldn't he?

FANNY. Kase no man want what he git too easy—dat's why. An' de longer you keep he guessin' de harder he co'te yo'.

VIRGINIA. Well, run on now, and get the dress and we'll give you the prettiest wedding we can. (FANNY *starts toward L. U. E., then turns.*)

FANNY. Wid watermelon?

VIRGINIA. Of course. (FANNY *starts again to L. U. E., then pauses.*)

FANNY. An' a frosty cake?

VIRGINIA. Surely. (*Turns her head and smiles at* FANNY.)

FANNY. Law, Mis' Jinny, my mouf done begin to water already. (*Moves slowly away.*) Mis' Jinny?

VIRGINIA. Yes? (FANNY *turns at L. U. E.*)

FANNY. I forgot to say dat he ain't axed me yet. (*Exit L. U. E.*)

Enter MRS. MONTGOMERY, *L. U. E.; stands looking after* FANNY.

MRS. M. What is exciting Fanny so much?

VIRGINIA. The prospect of some cast off finery—and the zest of the ever stormy courtship of George Washington. (MRS. MONTGOMERY *comes to L. 2 E. and stands back of* VIRGINIA.)

MRS. M. Let us hope the courtship will end happily.

VIRGINIA. It will. Oh, mother, even Fanny can have her lover, and I—(*hides her face on* MRS. MONTGOMERY'S *arm.*)

MRS. M. Don't dear; for though you will not tell me of this strange fancy of yours, or what power this man holds over you, I cannot believe that such a marriage will ever come to pass. (*Strokes her hair.*)

VIRGINIA. Did you tell Beverly? (*Raises her head.*)

MRS. M. Yes, dear.

VIRGINIA. And he—

MRS. M. Was unspeakably angry. You could not expect anything else, for Beverly had other dreams for his sister.

VIRGINIA (*bitterly*). Who knows better than I?

MRS. M. Virginia, your father would never have sanctioned this marriage, would never have allowed it, no matter what argument had been brought to bear. That is

why I believe that, even now, you will be saved from the sacrifice. His living presence is denied us, dear, but his spirit is with us always; and his tender care will never allow you to be led from your heart's happiness. On that last afternoon, as we watched the sunset together, he said, "It may be the last—who knows, who fears? For love is stronger than death." It *is* stronger than death, Virginia; it will have its way; it will yet crown your life with gladness and song. (VIRGINIA *is silent.* MRS. MONTGOMERY *walks to L. U. E. and looks off R. U. E.*) I see Beverly and Edith approaching. Dear boy, how good it is to have him home again. Will you come, dear? (*Starts toward R. U. E.*)

VIRGINIA (*rising*). Another way, mother. I can't quite bear to see their happiness. (*She joins* MRS. MONTGOMERY *at L. U. E. Exeunt.*)

Enter BEVERLY *and* EDITH, *R. U. E.*

EDITH (*at swing*). Virginia skies are blue in honor of your home coming, Beverly. Virginia hearts are very happy—

BEVERLY. And you, Edith?

EDITH. I am very proud, Beverly. (*Sits in swing.*)

BEVERLY. Once upon a time, Edith—it seems years ago—I told you that I was going to play at war; that after one possible engagement we'd be dictating peace to the Yanks. And now—(*stands back of swing*).

EDITH. One cannot always foresee, dear.

BEVERLY. You could. You told me—

EDITH. But I had the vision of the North that was not vouchsafed you southern men.

BEVERLY. And now, crushed, surrounded, threatened, we are nearing the end.

EDITH. Whatever happens, Beverly, will be the best.

BEVERLY. I try to think so; but when I look at our ragged, starving troops, at the destruction of our land, it is very hard—not to be bitter.

EDITH. Don't think of the bitter things. Look rather at the days that are to be. (*Looks up at him.*)

BEVERLY. And what have I to offer you, Edith? Nothing but myself.

EDITH (*rising*). Yourself? That is everything, Beverly. Three years ago, as we stood in the garden, I asked you to wear my colors—the red, the white and the blue. You refused. Now I am asking you to go with me to that very spot, for today these colors shall be lowered before you; today the North gladly, humbly, and with a happiness you cannot understand, surrenders to the South—to you, Beverly. Will you come? (*Holds out hands.* BEVERLY *takes them. Exeunt R. 2 E.*)

Enter FANNY, *L. 2 E., arrayed in the new gown, followed by* GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GEORGE. Fo' de Lawd, Fanny, yo' look jis' lak a bride.

FANNY (*strutting to R. 2 E.*). Can't a lady change her clothes widout it bein' insinuated dat she wanter marry?

GEORGE. I didn't say yo' wanter marry. Lawd knows, yo' doan' ack it. I say yo' *look* lak a bride. (*Follows her.*)

FANNY. Yo' think so, Gawge Washin'ton?

GEORGE. Lawd, Fanny, am yo' sick? (*Draws away.*)

FANNY (*sharply*). *Sick?* What make yo' say dat?

GEORGE. Yo' is—so—pleasant like.

FANNY (*shrugging her shoulders*). Humph!

GEORGE. Who am de nigger?

FANNY. Niggers ain't so plentiful on dis hyah plantation dat yo' need to ax dat.

GEORGE (*hesitatingly*). Yo' wouldn't lib on any udder plantation, would yo'?

FANNY. It depend—upon de nigger what axed me.

GEORGE (*cautiously*). Does yo' like de Bailey place?

FANNY. It sho' am a mighty fine plantation.

GEORGE. Law, Fanny, it ain't lak yo' to own up to dat.

FANNY. Gwan wid what yo' wuz axin' me, Gawge Washin'ton. Doan' poke so.

GEORGE. It sho' am a mighty fine place.

FANNY (*impatiently*). So yo' say befo'. Hurry up an' git to de pint?

GEORGE. What p'int?

FANNY. Gawge Washin'ton, ef yo' ain't de stupidest nigger I eber seed. Now look hyar—ef yo' doan' wan' me to marry yo,' yo' say so, an' I go take off dis hyah dress; ef yo' *do,* we go right off to de preacher—

GEORGE. Fanny, yo' ain't foolin' wid me? (*Crosses back of* FANNY *to her right.*)

FANNY (*sharply*). Foolin' wid yo'? Lawd knows I is tired foolin' wid yo'. Dat de reason I is trying to settle de matter.

GEORGE. Law, Fanny, yo' knows I is wanted yo' all de time. I jis' 'fraid to ax yo'. (*Comes nearer.*)

FANNY. Well, I'se done been axed now.

GEORGE. An' ef yo' marry me I sho' will take de road to de lan' o' happiness. (*Sidles up and puts arm about her.*)

FANNY. Better take de road to de preacher's fust. Right about, face, Gawge Washin'ton. (*He obeys.*) Not kaze yo' de head ob de house, but kase I doan wan' yo' steppin' all ober dis hyah dress.

GEORGE (*looking over shoulder*). To de rear, Fanny Montgome'y, to de rear! (*Exeunt* GEORGE WASHINGTON *and* FANNY, *R. 2 E.*)

Enter LOUISE *and* RALPH, *R. U. E.*

LOUISE (*coming down C.*). Whatever business we have must be quickly dispatched. It is not safe here, and I am leaving immediately. Did you bring what I asked you? (RALPH *follows, standing at her right.*)

RALPH (*taking papers from pocket*). Here are the statistics you wished itemized. They are quite correct. (LOUISE *scans them carefully.*)

LOUISE. And the plans?

RALPH (*giving her sealed packet*). Are here—sealed. You may rely upon their accuracy.

Enter BEVERLY, *R. 2 E.*

BEVERLY (*angrily*). What right have you on this place, Ralph Francis? I'll allow you two minutes to get off.

RALPH (*drawing back*). What right have I? The right your sister has given me—the right that the future owner of the plantation may assume.

BEVERLY (*threateningly*). Don't you mention my sister. The Montgomerys have not yet come to the place where their name can be bandied about by such as you. Virginia Montgomery marry you? Why, I'd rather see her in her grave. I don't know how you've forced this promise from her, but I do know this, that I ask no questions, I brook no interference, and I forbid you, absolutely, ever to look upon her again.

RALPH. Not so fast, you fire-eating Southerner. Have you taken into consideration that Virginia may prefer to keep her promise?

BEVERLY. You mention my sister again and I shoot.

Enter VIRGINIA, *L. U. E., and rushes between them.*

VIRGINIA (*holding his arm*). Beverly! Beverly! Don't. You don't understand and I cannot explain.

BEVERLY. You don't need to explain. (*Draws her to him.*)

VIRGINIA. But you need to listen. I am a Virginia woman. A Virginia woman keeps her promise, and she has the right of choice. Beverly, I have chosen to marry Mr. Francis. My choice is above your authority. Put down your weapon.

Enter MADGE, *R. U. E.*

MADGE (*coming to bench at L. 2 E.*). May I say a few words? Perhaps I may help to untangle the difficulty. (*To* LOUISE.) You first, Miss Lawton, and if you are as wise as I think you are, you will not prolong your stay in our midst. You are clever—I grant it—but you lingered too long. The story you so glibly told would have carried you through, perhaps, but one cannot be seen often with the only man who did not go off to war, without a natural suspicion. (*To* BEVERLY.) Beverly, this is the spy who has given the North the information, the source of which we could not discover. It is she who, by her intercourse with your own family, learned of your movements, and caused your house to be shadowed on a certain night not long ago.

VIRGINIA. Madge !

LOUISE (*tossing her head*). Your story is interesting,

Miss Young. It possesses dramatic features. Suppose I grant there has been information given the North by one who evidently understands the Virginia situation; but suppose I substitute for my name that of the northern girl who has been in a position to know—everything. (*Turning to* VIRGINIA.) Your cousin Edith, Miss Montgomery. (BEVERLY *moves forward threateningly.*)

MADGE (*motioning to* BEVERLY). Wait, Beverly; she is only fighting for time. The very package she holds proves her guilt. Ralph Francis, when you took possession of our home and forced us out, you inspired me with the determination to bring you to justice. Your frequent conversations with Miss Lawton, the suspicious papers over which you continually toiled—

RALPH. How dare you make such a statement? (*Crosses back of* LOUISE *to* MADGE.)

MADGE. Because I know; because I did what I should never have done under different conditions—watched your movements, read your papers. Oh, I'm justified in it all. I have no guilty conscience. (*To* LOUISE.) I do not know when you asked him for the desired information, Miss Lawton, but I do know he anticipated your request. If you open the package you hold you will find only blank papers. (LOUISE *opens package.*) The original is in my possession. (*To* BEVERLY.) It's a plan of the fortifications and the works at Petersburg, Beverly. The man has sold his knowledge of the Confederate situation in Virginia. (RALPH *makes gesture of protest.*) Why, there is no use in denial. I have the proofs. (*To* LOUISE.) Miss Lawton, even you will see the futility of your presence here. You may go. (LOUISE *hesitates, then hastily departs R. U. E.*) What I have to say now is for the three of you. Beverly, the threat this man held over Virginia is this. He saw you that night; he knew that Peyton had forfeited his military duty and had allowed you to escape. Virginia was forced to choose between Peyton's disgrace and a marriage with Mr. Francis. Naturally she was true to her lover.

BEVERLY (*tenderly*). Little sis—

MADGE. Beverly, you have been witness to all this; you

know that this man at our word is in danger of his life. Since no harm has been done to our cause, you will agree with me, I am sure, when I say we shall allow him swift and speedy departure from the state, on his promise to forget what happened that night.

BEVERLY. Will you promise, Francis?

RALPH (*after a moment*). I promise. What else is left me? Oh, you think you've tricked me; but my time has not yet come. (*Sneeringly.*) I wish you all joy of your plundered and devastated fields, of the enemy of poverty that you must henceforth fight, of the terror of the reconstruction period that is soon to follow. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

MADGE. Beverly, Peyton is here. Will you find him and explain? (*Exit* BEVERLY, *R. 2 E.*)

VIRGINIA. Madge, I cannot tell you—I cannot thank you. (*Puts arms about her.*)

MADGE. Don't try, dear, for it's a happy day to me. Oh, Virginia, our cause may be a lost one—the victory may not be for us—but today, here in our own little circle, the stars and bars are floating high! (*Exit R. U. E.* VIRGINIA *goes slowly to swing.*)

Enter PEYTON, *hastily, R. 2 E.*

PEYTON. Oh, sweetheart, sweetheart—that you should have done it for me! Don't you know that I could have endured anything rather than the loss of you? (*Takes her in his arms.*)

VIRGINIA. Not the sacrifice of honor, Peyton. That means too much to you and to me. See, dear, it is another rose I have to give you. (*Takes rose from her hair.*) The one of long ago means too much sadness, too much bitterness, and too much heartache. This is a perfect blossom, for it breathes of joy and of the happiness of the beautiful days that are waiting for us. Go forth to war, my soldier, for I know that destiny will bring you back to me. (*Rises and they walk to L. 2 E. She turns and places rose in his coat.*)

PEYTON. Destiny—the thread of destiny! Only two hues do we see, dear, the blue and the gray; but we cannot tell

where the one begins and the other ends; they twine and intertwine, they merge into the glory of a common tint. Oh, Virginia, Virginia! Let us be thankful that against this background of hopes, of fears and of future union we have been able to trace—the golden thread of destiny! (*Embraces her.*)

CURTAIN.

At the End of the Rainbow

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy, 3 acts; 6 males, 14 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** Easy to set. 3 interiors. **Characters:** Robert Preston, a lawyer. Douglas Brown, a football player. Dick Preston, the groom. Stanley Palmer, "Hawkins, the butler." Ted Whitney, captain of the Varsity team. Jack Austin, Preston's secretary. Marion Dayton, a ward of Preston. Nellie Preston, a bride. Louise Ross, known as Miss Grayson. Phyllis Lane, a football enthusiast. Kathleen Knox, chairman of the rushing committee. The Imp, a freshman. Emily Elliott, with a conscience. Jane, a maid with a taste for literature. Mrs. Brown, step-mother of Douglas Brown. Polly Price, Elsa Ernest, Marjorie Arnold, Marie Swift, Molly Bruce, of the Theta Phi.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Ted's plea to Phyllis to help the college. The promise. Nell comes to the rescue of Theta Phi. Mollie becomes a maid. Dick employs a butler. The agreement. "Douglas Brown will play!"

Act II.—Maid and butler discuss affairs. The old story, "Hearts and Masks." The plot to steal the papers. The combination of the safe. The "Imp" makes a startling discovery. Marion's sacrifice.

Act III.—The football game. Louise betrays Phyllis. "I have lost him forever." The victory and jubilation. The "Imp" is indignant. "My wings haven't sprouted yet." Robert and Marion find "the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Everyyouth

By HARRY L. NEWTON.

Price, 25 Cents

A moral fantasy in 3 scenes; 7 males, 6 females. Time, 1½ hours. **Scene:** 1 simple interior. **Characters:** Everyyouth, Work, Vice, Pleasure, Care, Truth, Reason, Temptation, Conceit, Vanity, Happiness, Trouble and Love. **Plot:** Everyyouth, a clerk in Somebody's office, quarrels with Work, the old bookkeeper, because he objects to his pal, Pleasure, with whom he attends the ball game during business hours. On account of this unpleasantness, Happiness, the faithful stenographer, leaves and the bewitching maidens, Temptation, Conceit and Vanity take her place, but they do not accomplish as much as she did alone. They become close friends of Everyyouth and he meets Vice and Care, easygoing chaps, who introduce him to Trouble. In the end Love, the maiden eternal, appears, wins him from evil ways and back to his real friends, Work, Reason, Truth and Happiness. Patterned after the old morality play, "Everyman," in a setting of today. Highly interesting story with a moral, yet with enough comedy to appeal to any kind of an audience.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Aaron Boggs, Freshman

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 3 acts; 8 males, 8 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** Aaron from Splinterville. Happy Jimmie Jamieson, a susceptible junior. Bean Carter, a prominent senior. Pepper Jervis, studying repose. Epenetus P. Boggs, a pillar of Splinterville. Mr. Chubb, born tired. Casey Jones, a college politician. Second-hand Abey, who does his friends good. Lizzie Feeny, a waitress but a perfect lady. Mrs. Chubb, a boarding-house keeper. Mrs. Pickens, likewise. Evelyn, Lois, Cherry and Loretta, college girls. Dollie, a vaudeville queen.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.— In college years, when life's at spring,
The old love seems a little thing.
And heads are turned by the college whirl,
And the Freshman seeks a college girl.

The new football star, captured in the railroad shops. "He's going to take plain sewing and cross-stitch." Paw brings Aaron to college. "Aaron made the finest graduating address ever heard on the Splinterville platform." Aaron is hazed and Lizzie Maud meets an old beau.

Act II.— Off with the old love, on with the new,
But often the newer love won't do.
The sweetest rose is the old rose pressed
And I sometimes think that the old love's best.

Aaron president of the Freshman class. "Slaving for eleven students and everyone a hyena in a Norfolk jacket." "I have oatmeal to burn and sometimes I do." The telegram. "Grandson of Stephen J. Boggs, the multi-millionaire.' Why did I ever send that telegram? It's all over."

Act III.— For a college life is a thing apart,
And a college love is a whim o' the heart.
And the heart beats true, though the world seems slow,
When you love the girl, you used to know.

"I thought you wanted me for myself, not for my grandfather." "I resign right now." Chubb brings home a load but forgets the wood. "Me working like a slave and him down town making a human faucet out of hisself." "She said she'd take me on one condition—that was easy, I entered with six." It's taken quite awhile to learn where I belong here at college, but I've found myself—and I've found you."

The Fascinators

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comic entertainment in one act; 13 females. Time, 40 minutes. A thorough school, open to girls between sixteen and fifty, which gives scientific training in the fascinating game of catching a husband. Introduces specialties and a number of songs, "Stately Lilies," "Cooking Song," etc., which are sung to familiar college airs. It ends with a very clever and amusing "Flirtation" song and drill. Particularly suitable for women's clubs and societies.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

The Dream that Came True

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy drama in 3 acts; 6 males, 13 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors. **Characters:** Gordon Clay, foreman of the works. Charles Norton, the wealthy owner. Jack Brown, a cub reporter. Bobbie Byrnes, averse to college women. Billy Best, captain of the 'varsity team. Lord Algernon, straight from England. Nan Worthington, one of the people. Margaret, loyal and true. Mrs. Jenkins, a boarding housekeeper. Angelina, her small daughter. Louisa, one of the boarders. Florabel, a poetess. Mehitabel Biddle, a suffragette. Emmy Lou, fond of fairy tales. Mrs. Allaire, the chaperone. Delphine, a college graduate. Peggy, a Browning fiend. Doris, an athletic girl. Nora, a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The impending strike. "It ain't so much the man that makes woman foolish, it's the lack of him." "Being a lady Miss Margaret is being just like you. "If ever the time comes when you need me, I shall stand the test."

Act II.—"The strike's on." Gordon tells of his love for another. Norton refuses to make terms. Gordon plays his last trump. Margaret bids Nan prove that love is sacriffce. "I am to struggle on—alone."

Act III.—"It's good-bye Gordon." "You're a dear, sweet little English Lord but I want to be under the stars and stripes." Nan has her revenge. "The factory girl can be generous." The dream comes true.

Under Blue Skies

By KATHARINE KAVANAUGH.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy drama in 4 acts; 7 males, 10 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scenes:** 2 exteriors, 2 interiors. **Characters:** Bruce McCulloch, the man. Dick Warren, Edith's brother. David Joyce, Clare's father. Oscar Weber, a village swain. Old John, the gardner. Williams, a valet. Sleepy Heine. Clare, the girl. Edith, an heiress. Sara, the old housekeeper. Mrs. Weber, a troublemaker. Little Elsie and five neighboring women who have only a few lines.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Mrs. Weber insists on the marriage between Oscar and Clare. "This has got to be settled one way or the other." Clare meets Miss Warren. Oscar finds the letter. "Clare Joyce is my affianced wife." "If you come near me I'll kill you!"

Act II.—Scene I: Old John and the flowers. Miss Warren finds Clare and Bruce together. Jealousy. The blow. "I'll make you sorry for this!" Scene II: Going to chapel. The love letter. Miss Warren and Oscar come to an agreement. "You'll never be able to hold up your head again." Humiliation.

Act III.—Bruce unhappy. "I was playing with fire and I got my fingers burnt." An unexpected visitor. "Our engagement is at an end." Bruce proposes. The midnight marriage.

Act IV.—The next morning. Breakfast. "Clare is not here." Mrs. Weber's story. "Your prayers and tears come too late." Bruce interrupts. "Clare Joyce is my wife." Happiness.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

The Old Oaken Bucket

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Rural drama in 4 acts; 8 males, 6 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scenes:** 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** Reuben Hardacre, an honest old farmer. Tom, his son, a chip of the old block. Arthur Ames, true blue. Mark Hayward, a wolf in sheep's clothing. Jake, a rustic lover. Ezra Bobb, the postmaster. G. Whillikens, a neighbor. Rev. Mason, the peacemaker. Martha, Reuben's wife. Lizzie, the light of Uncle Reuben's eyes. Emily, the sunshine of the household. Sapphira, the village gossip. Mrs. G. Whillikens, proper, if not charitable. Miry, a country belle.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—"Reuben, you air so sot." "Jedge not." The village gossip makes things lively. The young artist recognizes a villain and also makes a conquest at the old well. Mark's education and good looks captivate Lizzie. "Meet me at the old log cabin at midnight." "Oh, Uncle, forgive me."

Act II.—The early risers. "You read the letter, Tom, I can't." Sapphira bobs in. "I shudder to think I might have been drawed away." Reuben has a word to say to Sapphira. "Ain't nobody goin' to say a word agin' me or mine without gettin' acquainted with the way to the front door." True hearts and gingham skirts. Tom goes to find Lizzie. "He'll answer fer it with his life."

Act III.—Jake reads the village paper. "Gals is queer critters." The Artist's return. The picture. "The Old Oaken Bucket," that brought fame and money. A stormy night—and a knock at the door. "It's Lizzie." The wanderer's return. "You ain't been away from our hearts a minute." "God bless you for your sweet forgiveness."

Act IV.—Ted's wedding day. A surprise party. Snow, sleighbells and merriment. The country dance. Lizzie's entrance—consternation. "How's Mr. Hayward?" The wrath of the sturdy old farmer. Rev. Mason intervenes. Tom asks Lizzie to be his wife. Sapphira wonders—"The idea of him takin' her when he could get me."

The Rocky Ridge Vaudeville Show

By WILLIS N. BUGBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Novelty entertainment. Eight complete vaudeville acts. Characters optional, about 25 males, 8 females. Many of the parts may be doubled so that it can be easily produced with 20 adults and 3 children. Time, a full evening. The leading citizen and corner grocery store wit of a small rural town visits a large city and attends a vaudeville show. He is enthusiastic over it and on his return, with local talent, puts on a similar performance at the town hall, which proves a stupendous success.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

The Goodfellow

By HARRY L. NEWTON.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 8 males, 4 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 2 interiors. Characters: John Dawson, a goodfellow. Stubbie, a young reporter. Old Man Hudson, a mysterious philanthropist. Steve Bacon, a detective. Richard Meadows, a private banker. Woodstock, an attorney. Capt. Richards, of police headquarters. Henry Madison, a shiftless husband. Jane, his daughter. Mrs. Madison, her invalid mother. Dora Woodruff, young and impressible. Martha Peck, old and impregnable.

Professional stage rights reserved and a royalty of five dollars required for amateur performance.

A GREAT MORAL PLAY WITH A "PUNCH."

The Police Third Degree Scene, a Striking Novelty for Amateurs.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Introducing the shiftless father. "Only two knew the combination—and folks don't generally rob themselves." The mysterious philanthropist arrives. The stroke of the eyebrow. "He's the kind of a man who would lean up against fresh paint, so's to get something for nothing." Arrival of the detective. Mr. Stebbins, you're a great little liar."

Act II.—"I'm going to smile and be brave too." "Fifteen thousand dollars! He gave that away and I can't afford to smoke good cigars." Stubbie remembers the time, the place and the man. The sound of the walking stick. Meadows proposes marriage to Jane and offers to save John from the prison. "Somebody is just going out." Here's your hat! What's your hurry!"

Act III.—The hundred dollar bill. "Captain, your Third Degree stuff works like magic. I'll sign a confession." Stubbie shows that "he knows what he knows." "I knew you were innocent, John." "I have had my lesson—I was a goodfellow." Sweethearts united. A disgusted detective. "Cap, I'm goin' out and find me a job drivin' a truck. If I find two jobs, I'll save you one." "Sometimes you can wink at the law and get away with it. Here's where I wink."

A Burns Rebellion

By EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON.

Price, 25 Cents

Humorous entertainment, introducing characters from Robert Burns; 8 males, 5 females. Time, about 1 hour. Scene: 1 simple interior. Characters: Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, The Old Cotter, Jenny's Lover, The Reverend Sage, The Deil, Rab the Ranter (Burns' familiar name for himself), Duncan Gray, Jenny, Highland Mary, Bonnie Jean, Kate and Maggie. They have met to discuss the manner in which Burns has presented them to the world. Tam O'Shanter complains that he has acquired fame from bibulous indiscretions, rather than from other qualities. Burns arrives and has great difficulty in quelling the rebellion of his brain children. Quotations from the original poems form most of the dialogue. Designed for schools, colleges and Scottish societies.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

	M.	F.
Documentary Evidence, 25 min.	1	1
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min....	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min....	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min..	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min..		5
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.....	1	1
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Imitating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min...	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min...	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min...	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....		8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr....	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min..	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.....	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
Obstinate Family, 40 min.....	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.....	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min..	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.....	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.....	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Smith, the Aviator, 40 min...	2	3
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min....	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min..		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.....	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.....		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.....	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.....	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.....	2	
For Reform, 20 min.....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min..	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	1	
Home Run, 15 min.....	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.....	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.....	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....		1
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.....	5	2
Who Gits de Reward? 30 min.	5	1

A great number of Standard and Amateur Plays not found here are listed in Denison's Catalogue

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 604 680 8

POPULAR ENTERTAI

Price, Illustrated P... per Cove...

IN this ...eries are f...und books ...uching every ...e... in the entertainment field. Finely made, good paper, clear print and each book has an attractive individual cover design.

DIALOGUES

All Sorts of Dialogues.
Selected, fine for older pupils.

Catchy Comic Dialogues.
Very celver; for young people.

Children's Comic Dialogues.
From six to eleven years of age.

Dialogues for District Schools.
For country schools.

Dialogues from Dickens.
Thirteen selections.

The Friday Afternoon Dialogues.
Over 50,000 copies sold.

From Tots to Teens.
Dialogues and recitations.

Humorous Homespun Dialogues.
For older ones.

Little People's Plays.
From 7 to 13 years of age.

Lively Dialogues.
For all ages; mostly humorous.

Merry Little Dialogues.
Thirty-eight original selections.

When the Lessons are Over.
Dialogues, drills, plays.

Wide Awake Dialogues.
Brand new, original, successful.

SPEAKERS, MONOLOGUES

Choice Pieces for Little People.
A child's speaker.

The Comic Entertainer.
Recitations, monologues, dialogues.

Dialect Readings.
Irish, Dutch, Negro, Scotch, etc.

The Favorite Speaker.
Choice prose and poetry.

The Friday Afternoon Speaker.
For pupils of all ages.

Humorous Monologues.
Particularly for ladies.

Monologues for Young Folks.
Clever, humorous, original.

Monologues Grave and Gay.
Dramatic and humorous.

The Patriotic Speaker.
Master thoughts of master minds.

The ...

Por...
Wit, humor, satire, funny poems.

Scrap-Book Recitations.
Choice collections, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, prose, poetry. Paper No. 25c.

DRILLS

The Best Drill Book.
Very popular drills and marches.

The Favorite Book of Drills.
Drills that sparkle with originality.

Little Plays With Drills.
For children from 6 to 11 years.

The Surprise Drill Book.
Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

SPECIALTIES

The Boys' Entertainer.
Monologues, dialogues, drills.

Children's Party Book.
Plans, invitations, decorations, games.

The Days We Celebrate.
Entertainments for all the holidays.

Good Things for Christmas.
Recitations, dialogues, drills.

Good Things for Thanksgiving.
A gem of a book.

Little Folks' Budget.
Easy pieces to speak, songs.

One Hundred Entertainments.
New parlor diversions, socials.

Patriotic Celebrations.
Great variety of material.

Pranks and Pastimes.
Parlor games for children.

Private Theatricals.
How to put on plays.

Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes, Charades, and how to prepare.

Tableaux and Scenic Readings.
New and novel; for all ages.

Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures. For little tots.

Yuletide Entertainments.
A choice Christmas collection.

MINSTRELS, JOKES

Black American Joker.
Minstrels' and end men's gags.

A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy.
Monologues, stump speeches, etc.

Laughland, via the Ha-Ha Route.
A merry trip for fun tourists.

Negro Minstrels.
All about the business.

The New Jolly Jester.
Funny stories, jokes, gags, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago